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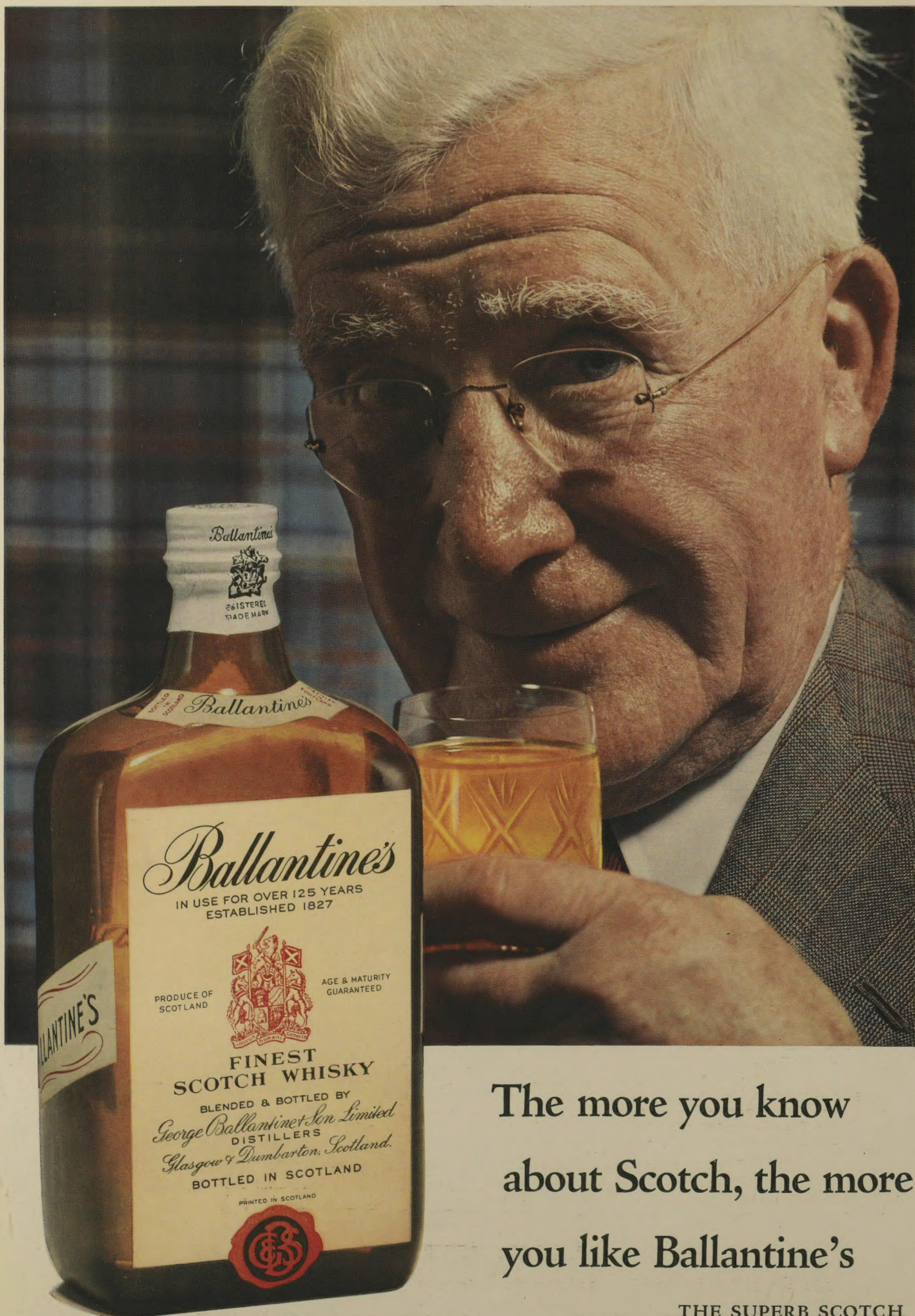
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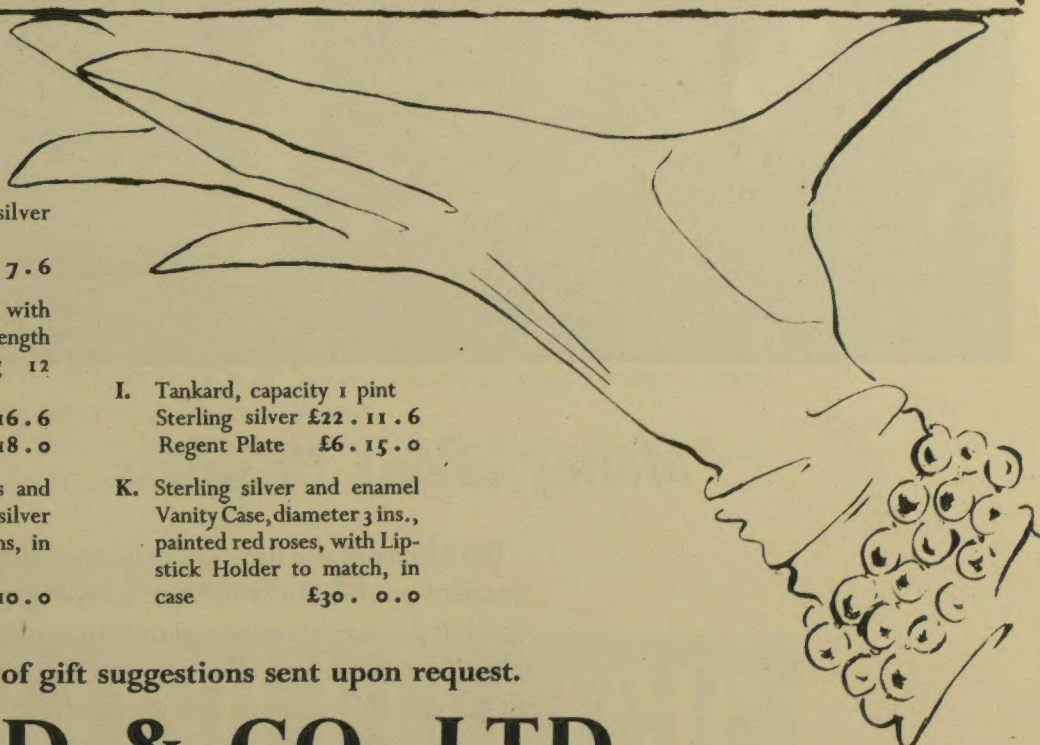
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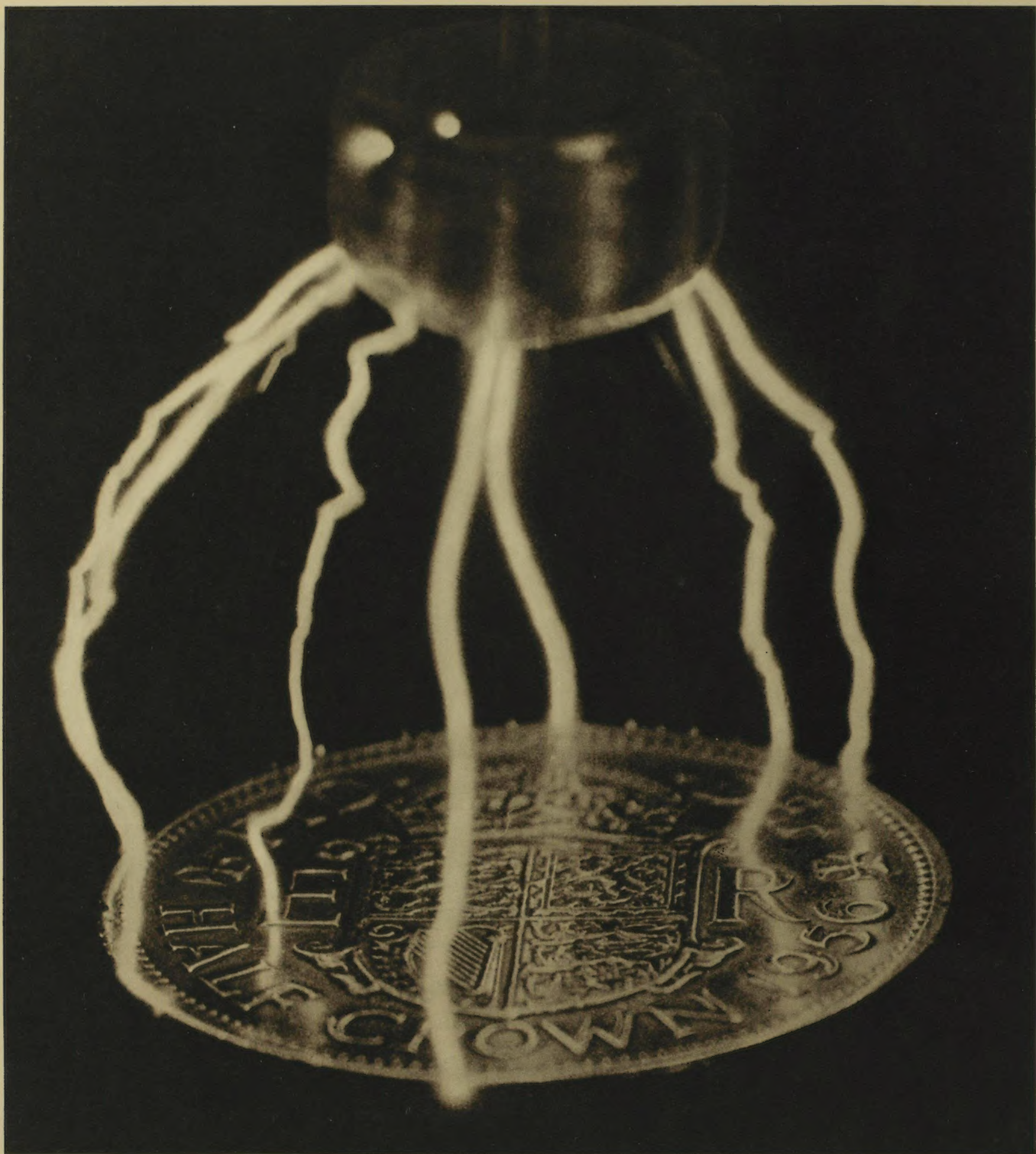
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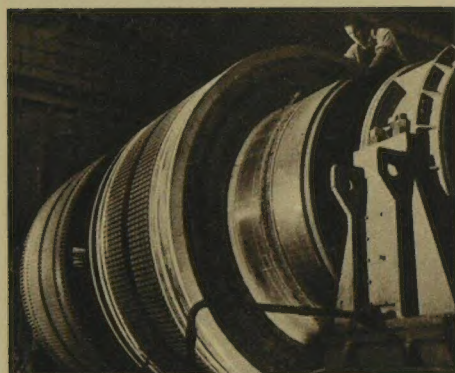
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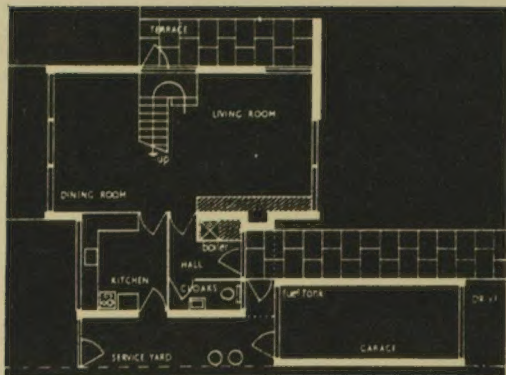
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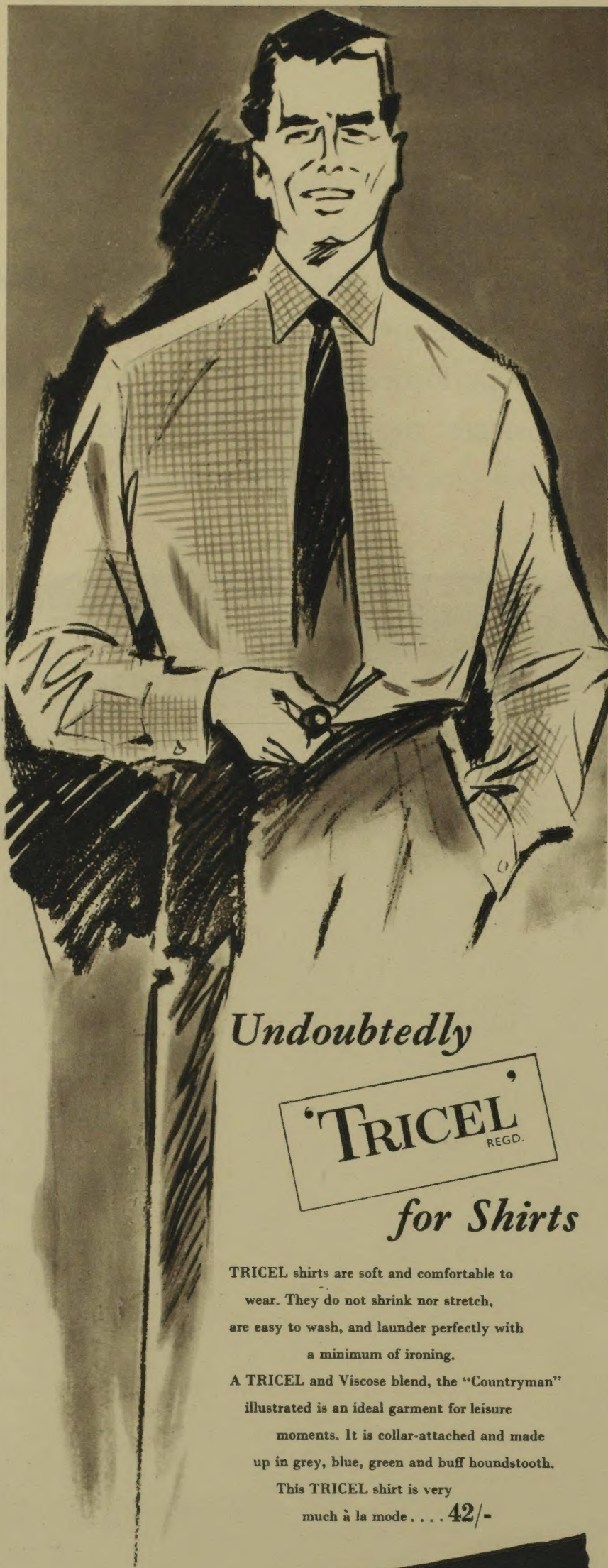
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And to such purpose did the lad equip and organise, and yet with such success preserve the ancient skills, that quite soon Champagne Mercier

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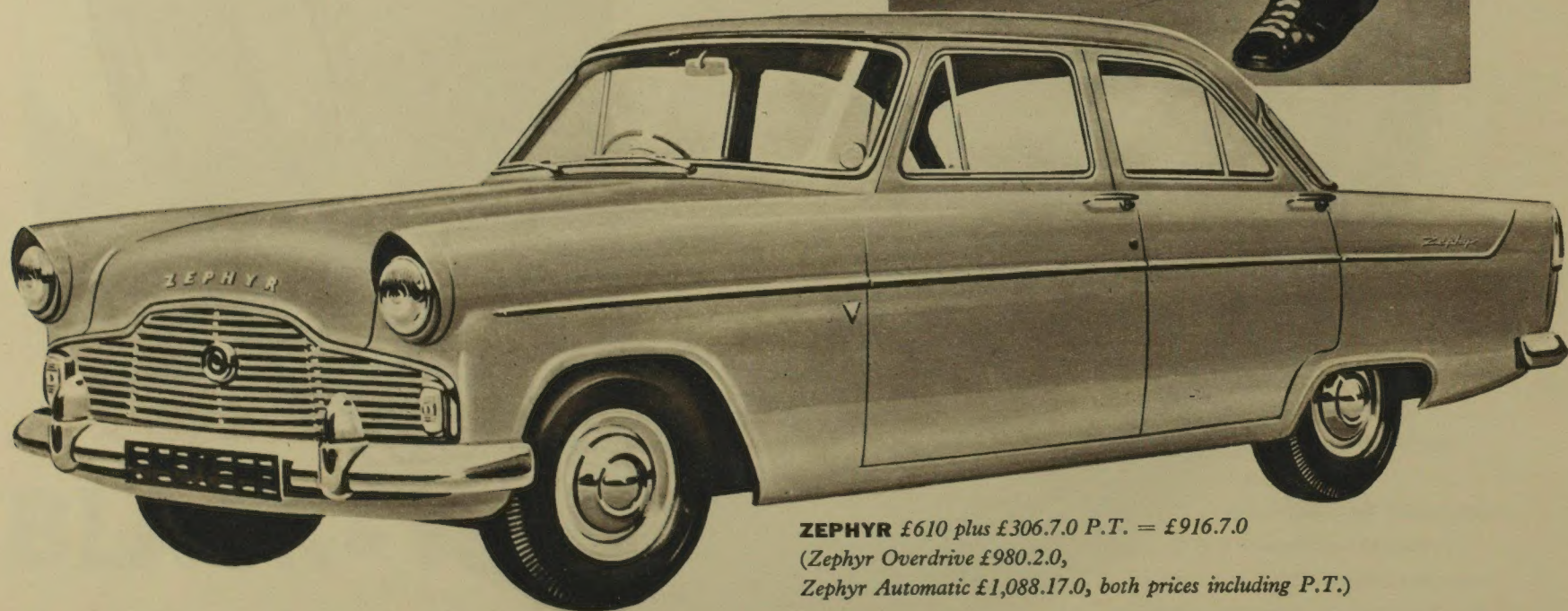
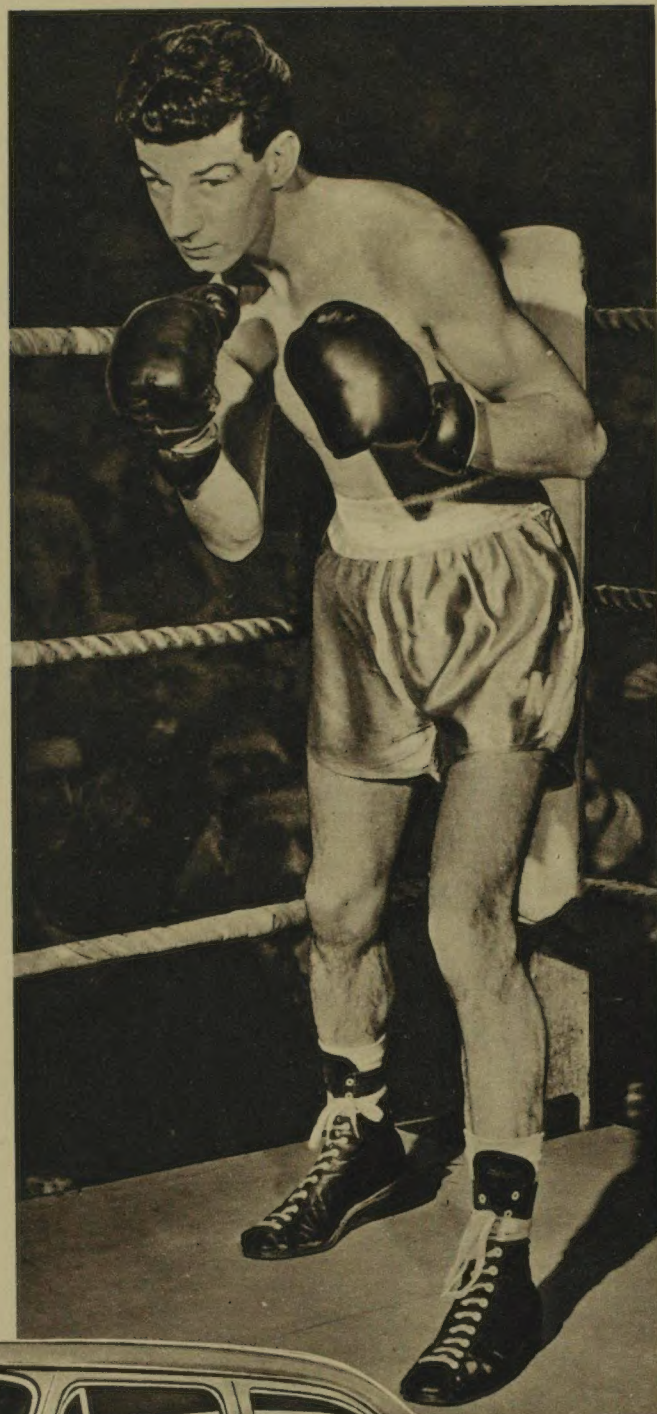
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natural, when you know, as we do, that Champagne Mercier is made by men who have dedicated their lives to their calling.

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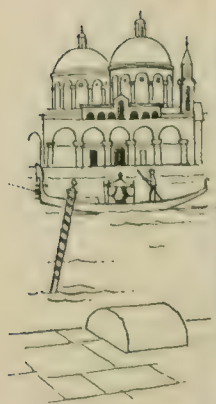
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entertain with
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1958.



"HAIL THE HEAVEN-BORN PRINCE OF PEACE!... BORN THAT MAN NO MORE MAY DIE"—CHRISTMAS CAROLS AT THE FESTIVAL HALL DURING THE ERNEST READ CHRISTMAS CONCERT FOR CHILDREN.

The Ernest Read Christmas Concert for Children was held at the Royal Festival Hall, London, on December 6, giving yet another sign that Christmas is nearly with us again. Numerous parties from schools and many friends and relatives of those taking part in the two performances—at eleven and two o'clock—were among the large audiences. The carols and other Christmas pieces were played and sung by the London Senior Orchestra, consisting of adult players, and a Schools Choir of Girls and Boys including sopranos, altos, tenors and basses, drawn from many schools in London and the home counties. The orchestra was conducted by Ernest Read, Chairman

and Founder of the London Junior and Senior Orchestras, and the concert is one of an annual series of eleven which was begun in 1944. On December 16, the London Junior and Senior Orchestras will be promoting the highly popular Annual Christmas Concert at the Royal Albert Hall, at which there will be a special choir of 500 voices, and the London Senior Orchestra. Next February a concert is to be given at the Festival Hall in honour of Ernest Read's eightieth birthday. At this the orchestra will be composed of many distinguished professional players who have formerly played in one of Ernest Read's orchestras. (Photograph by Houston Rogers.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN his much-discussed and widely-read autobiography, Field Marshal Montgomery uses as his text a verse from Job:

Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

Certainly this great soldier was; and, like his hero, Sir Winston Churchill—another controversial figure born to trouble—has turned his necessity to glorious gain. And not, I would suggest, his gain alone, but ours. For just as Sir Winston, who in his long, stormy career fought his way back from so many apparently irretrievable disasters and proved, as a result, the very man to get us out of the fearful pit into which we had fallen in 1940, so Montgomery, after all his early troubles and setbacks, was the commander we needed to turn the tide of war in North Africa in 1942. Alamein in his career was what Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain were in Churchill's. And all three were decisive in Britain's history and the world's. No man born to smooth weather could ever have cooked Hitler's goose or Rommel's. Churchill and Montgomery were well acquainted with storms, for from boyhood they had made rough weather for themselves wherever they went. And being both made of durable, resilient, indomitable stuff, each storm had left them stronger than it found them. By the time a Britain in adversity needed them to do her business, they were storm-proof. They were as able to master adversity as trained members of the N.F.S. to master fires.

As usual, with the publication of his Memoirs, Field Marshal Montgomery seems to have sparked off a good deal of uproar. Personally, I find it hard to see why. For to anyone who has kept abreast of the flood of war books which have flowed from the printing presses of America and Britain since 1946 there is nothing new about the military controversies with which, in his usual clear and categorical manner, Montgomery deals in his book. Almost every point with which he joins issue with Eisenhower and Bradley was originally raised by these officers in their own memoirs, published a decade ago, when Montgomery himself was precluded by official employment from answering their charges against his own and Britain's generalship or from traversing their claims to have been always, or nearly always, right. The truth is that, with the exception of MacArthur—one of the great military geniuses of history—the highest American military commanders of the last war, through no fault of their own, were tyros in the business of actual battle control and naturally made at first some pretty sorry blunders and had to be saved from even more by their British colleagues, who between 1914 and 1918, and 1939 and 1942, had learnt many painful lessons that their gallant and ardent American comrades in arms had still to learn. No one can be blamed for this, unless it is American politicians and electors for not seeing and responding rather more promptly in 1914 and 1939 to the challenge against human liberty and conscience. Soldiers, and most of all high commanders, can only learn their business in actual war, however well-trained they may be by Staff Colleges and academies. There is nothing like being thrown out of a boat into rough seas to teach one how to swim! The pity is that the American top generals—one of whom showed himself to be a supreme

co-ordinator of allied staffs and troops of the very highest order—having for political reasons been entrusted with the highest field commands before they had served their full apprenticeship in battle, did not, in retrospect, see their early and inevitable blunders for the follies they were and either kept silent about their wartime controversies

acquired the necessary battle experience, proved themselves every whit as good soldiers, if not better, than their British counterparts. Men like Collins and Ridgway, Truscott and Gruenther had no need, on their records, to fear comparison with any soldiers on earth; nor had the American dough-boys who stemmed the Panzer tide in the wintry Ardennes fogs. But it takes more than a Presidential citation or an award of four stars to make a Lee or a Grant; it takes long experience on the battlefield and in command of the battlefield, and this had not been the lot of those who in the immediate aftermath of the war sought to make good their claim to the highest places in the military Valhalla by proving themselves right and Montgomery wrong. They are now only receiving at his hands the neighbour's fare they earned. Having broken silence themselves, they and their supporters have no right to blame the man, whose generalship they criticised, for answering back.

But though history will be the gainer by this fighting of old battles over again on paper, I have seen it suggested that such controversies are unfair on those who fell in these battles and on those who mourn them. I have every sympathy for this point of view, but feel it is based on a misapprehension of the nature of war. War is murder and whoever, as aggressor, looses it on the world is a murderer. But once loosed, wars are not won and aggression halted without mistakes. And generals are just as apt to make mistakes in their chosen profession as any other species of men, and, since their mistakes cost human lives, it is very important that they should make as few mistakes as possible and that, when they have done so, their mistakes should be clearly analysed and exposed lest their successors make similar ones. This does not mean that they should be punished for their errors; command in battle is probably the most testing of all essays in human skill and aptitude, and no one can be blamed if he fails the test. "War," as Wolfe said, is "an option of difficulties." But the reasons for such failure ought to be made known, for only by being made known can it be avoided in future. Books like Field Marshal Montgomery's, which analyse and elucidate the causes of success and failure in battle, can help to avert mistakes and so save lives in future wars. We hope there will be none, as others have hoped before, but this does not, alas, mean that our hopes will be fulfilled. Mankind—and our own country and America—must still have need to train and appoint to supreme command Montgomerys and Eisenhowers. And there is one mistake which a study of past wars, and none more clearly than the last, reveals: that it is a very costly blunder for a nation to appoint a man to command in actual battle who lacks the necessary experience to do so. The right

man for command is the man who achieves his country's objects with the smallest possible expenditure of life and material: in other words, who makes fewest mistakes. To find such a man, history shows—and our own lifetime's experience in two world wars bears it out—is one of the hardest of all things. And, having found him, on no account should he be superseded by any other, whatever his political claims, who has not proved himself to possess the same qualities for command in the field. To do so is to throw away lives and jeopardise the chances of victory.



"FORTITUDE, GRAVITY AND PURPOSE": THE NEW STATUE OF SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, BY MR. DAVID McFALL, A.R.A., SEEN WHEN ALMOST READY FOR CASTING.

This statue was commissioned by Sir Winston's constituents at Woodford, Essex, and differs from the first version. The version shown was unanimously approved by the Commemoration Committee; and of it Mr. McFall, the sculptor (who is seen in the photograph), has said: "I have seen his personal greatness and have given less of the legend and more of the man. He looks resolute and full of vitality. I have borne in mind three things in this work: fortitude, gravity and purpose." The statue, which is being cast in bronze, is about 8 ft. 6 ins. high and will stand on a site at Salway Hill, Woodford Green, Essex.

with their more experienced British colleagues or frankly acknowledged their initial ignorance of the soldier's art instead of claiming a Napoleonic omniscience, to which for all their victories, in the closing months of unchallenged air supremacy and immense logistical superiority, they were far from being entitled. It appears that they felt that their country's prestige was bound up with their own claim to military infallibility—an entirely unnecessary apprehension on their part, seeing that American subordinate commanders and American fighting men, as soon as they had

THE QUEEN IN BRISTOL; AND A LEGAL OCCASION IN LONDON.



THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE BRISTOL CROWDS DURING THEIR VISIT OF DECEMBER 5.
The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are seen, above, waving to the crowds from the balcony of the Council House, Bristol, during their visit last week to that city. In front of the Queen and the Duke is a stretch of water which almost completely surrounds the Council House and which is known locally as "The Moat." One of the two fountains which play in "The Moat" can be seen in this photograph. While in Bristol, the Queen opened the new million-pound engineering school at the University.



STUDENT INTO BARRISTER: SOME OF THE FIFTY-TWO MEN CALLED TO "THE DEGREE OF THE UTTER BAR" IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.
This was the scene when fifty-two students were recently "called to the Bar" in the Elizabethan Hall of the Middle Temple, London. Some Benchers of the Middle Temple, which is one of the four Inns of Court, are seated while the black-gowned barristers are admitted to the Inn. They have passed the Bar examination, eaten the requisite number of dinners in Hall and signed a declaration that they are not bankrupts, solicitors or clerks in Holy Orders and a variety of other trades and professions.

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ONE OF THE HUGE NEW SIGNS ON THE MOTORWAY. SOME ARE 20 FT. HIGH AND ARE DESIGNED TO BE READ FROM 200 YARDS. THEY ARE DIFFERENT IN APPEARANCE FROM THE TRADITIONAL SIGNS.



THE PRIME MINISTER PRESSING THE BUTTON WHICH CAUSED THE TRADITIONAL TAPE TO BE CUT. HE SPOKE ABOUT PLANS FOR SIMILAR ROADS.

ON December 5 the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, formally opened Britain's first high-speed motorway, the new Preston by-pass. He referred to it as a "symbol of the opening of a new era of motor travel in the United Kingdom." He also assumed a Scots accent to quote an observation by Robert Burns on roadmaking. The new road, 8 miles in length, is in part an experiment. It is the beginning of a major programme to provide the country with a network of fast roads. The surface of the by-pass has a non-skid dressing, bends are gradual and entirely new road-signs have been designed for fast driving. These are either illuminated or painted with a reflective material. The Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation has published a code of rules, and the penalty for breaking any of them is a fine of up to £20.



A POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION IN WHICH EVERYONE GOT PLASTERED WITH MUD AND CEMENT: MEMBERS OF THE DIRECT ACTION COMMITTEE AGAINST NUCLEAR WARFARE CROUCHING IN FRONT OF A LORRY AT NORTH PICKENHAM.

On December 6 and 7, groups of members and supporters of the Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War took part in two raids on a rocket base being built at North Pickenham, near Swaffham, Norfolk. This is the same organisation as that which picketed Aldermaston Research Establishment in the summer. On December 6 the group forced their way on to the site and crouched in front of a lorry which was leaving the concrete mixing plant. In the resultant scuffles men and women of the group and also some of those attempting to restore order fell into deep mud mixed with cement. Early on the following morning the demonstrators again forced their way over the

barbed-wire defences and some succeeded in getting into the concrete mixing plant, a man and a woman getting inside the actual hopper. There were a number of struggles in semi-darkness, a man and woman were dumped in a pool of sludge and on refusing a further request to leave, were dumped in a further pool. They were then marched out of the base. At one stage hoses were turned on the demonstrators. On December 7, Mr. Sidney Dye, the Labour M.P. for Norfolk South-West, visited the base and told the demonstrators that if they disagreed with a certain policy then the proper approach was through Parliament and not by obstructive methods such as they were adopting.

WHEN American forces arrived in Lebanon and British in Jordan, many voices were raised to proclaim that their intervention was needless and dangerous. They would, said the critics, stay a short time, come away, and leave the countries which they were sent to rescue certainly in no better state than before the action had been taken and probably worse off. Well, the first part of the prophecy was safe and did not require great gifts in the prophets. The troops duly stayed a short time and came away. As for the final phase, the wilder statements have obviously been given the lie already. Syrian forces have not immediately and automatically marched back into Lebanon. King Hussein of Jordan has not been overthrown. The prophets of instant doom have become coy in their comments on the affairs of the two States.

Yet it is only fair to say that the more distant future of both remains in the melting-pot. The United States and British Governments, more prudent than the Jeremiahs, never suggested that their action was more than an emergency measure. From that point of view they may claim that their action was successful. I am going to make no prophecies of any sort except the general one that the throes of the Arab world will result in more upheavals. It is worth while, however, to consider the effects up to date within these countries and even glance for a moment at some, real or alleged, outside them. They must be examined separately because they have little—astonishingly little—in common.

Jordan is a poor land, inhabited by an artificially and accidentally-formed community. Sudden urbanisation on a considerable scale; differing mentalities on either bank of the river which gives it its name; weighted by a crippling burden of refugees. Such trade as it has is handicapped because it cannot move through unfriendly Israel and more recently because of obstruction of the longer and more costly route through Syria. Its isolation is illustrated by the recent attack on the King's aircraft. To pacify fanatically ardent Arab racialism, the King, probably against his own better judgment, broke the British link with the Arab Legion, which provided his best safeguard, but the British Government was wise enough to take this coolly and to abstain from reproaches.

It is impossible to doubt that for the time being the popularity of the King has immensely increased and that the divisions of his people have diminished. These great boons to a distracted and menaced country are subjected to all the stresses which it still has to endure and cannot be assessed as permanent factors, but that is no reason why they should be belittled. Martial law has been lifted, so far without unhappy repercussions. Relations between Jordan and this country have improved even beyond what was to be expected as the result of the British action. On the moral side it has been proved that the acts of courage already to the King's credit were no flashes in the pan and that he possesses staying power as well as gallantry.

The bleak facts remain that Jordan is not a viable State and never likely to become one; that in her short life she has acquired an ugly reputation for violence; and that, despite the surface unity, the roots of disunity certainly remain under the ground, even if a large proportion of them

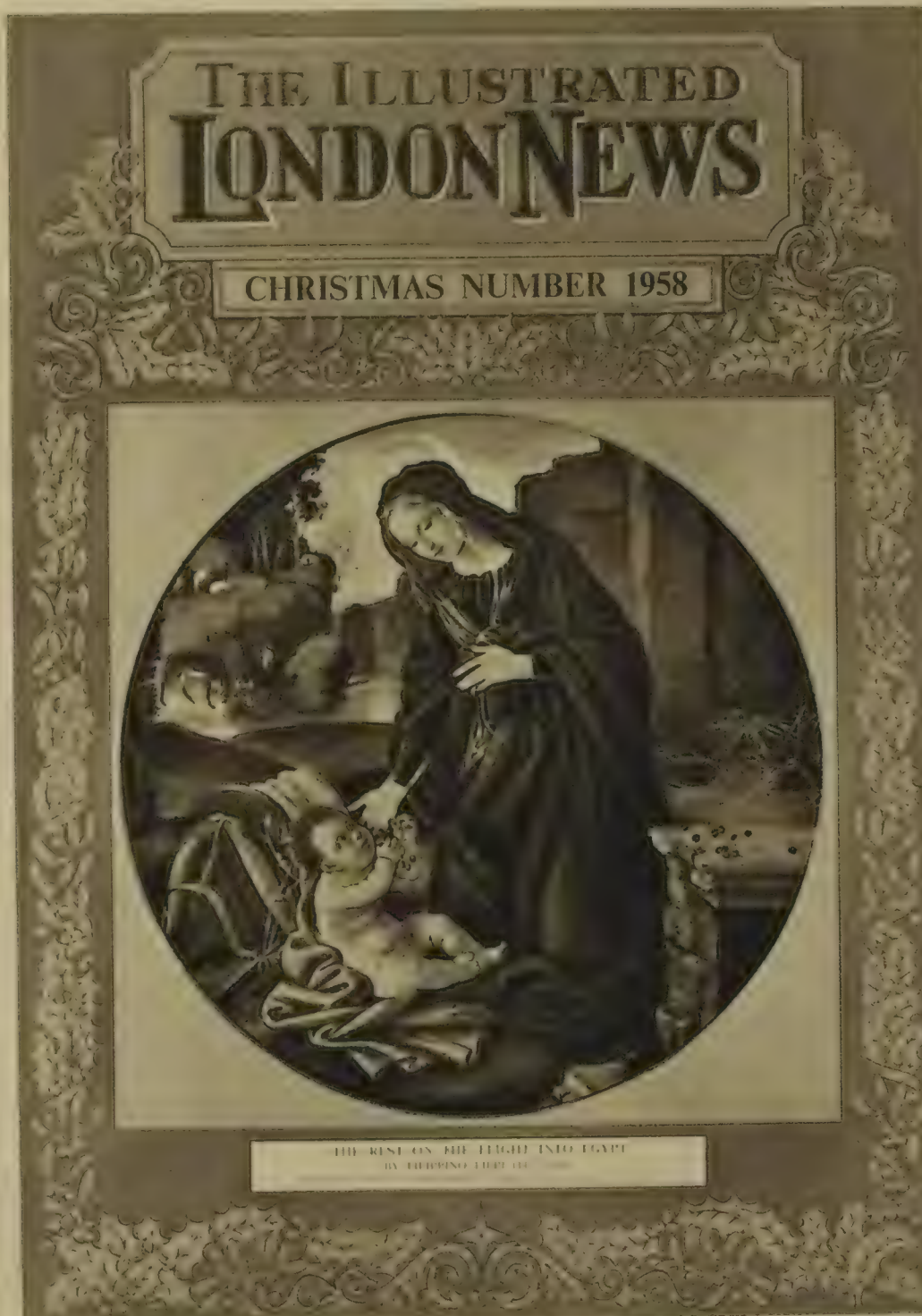
have been killed. To use these facts as arguments against the British response to King Hussein's appeal is absurd because they were obvious when that response was made. The Government did not expect or claim a miracle. It did expect and can now claim substantial benefits from its action. There cannot be the slightest doubt in the mind of any candid observer that the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. HOW JORDAN AND LEBANON STAND TO-DAY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



STILL AVAILABLE AND AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT AND GREETING TO SEND TO YOUR FRIENDS IN THIS COUNTRY: THIS YEAR'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

This familiar red-and-gold cover of "The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number, inset this year with a delightful Filippino Lippi "Rest on the Flight into Egypt," contains twenty-three pages in full colour, four of them in special colour photolithography, with subjects as diverse as Roman painting and Christmas in Australia, King Charles' playing-cards and a Victorian idyll in Florence, and many others; three illustrated stories on Christmassy themes; a group of Phil May drawings; and the legend of the Christmas tree, with a series of special colour pages. It can still be obtained at all leading bookstalls and newsagents, price 4s., or from the Publisher (Dept. LN, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2) for 4s. 6d. post free—but time is running short.

relief afforded to Jordan last July was justified and effective.

The circumstances in which the American Marines landed in Lebanon and events since are very different. In mid-July the country was in a state of civil war, though it was not this, but the increasing risk of large-scale Syrian intrusion that caused the summons to the Marines. The conventions, sometimes amounting to absurdities, of this civil war are neither here nor there. Then, Lebanon could more plausibly be described as a Levantine than as an Arab State. It is not a Muslim State; some doubts about the religious professions exist, but Muslims and Christians are approximately equal in numbers. The

Government in office last July depended mainly on Christian support. The present compromise Government has official support from both religions, though the Muslims have the better of the new deal and the former rebels have no reason to be dissatisfied with recent developments.

A certain stability has been established. Obstinate anti-Americans assert that it would have come about if the Marines had not landed, but this is improbable on the face of it. Trade, which had been badly hit by the state of the country, shows signs of revival. The chief doubt is whether the present machinery will work for more than a few months. The most promising feature is the realisation by all but extremists that the violence of the weeks before the Marines reached the scene would have led to chaos and bankruptcy. The worst danger is that the precarious state of balance between Muslim and Christian may be lost. It was on this state of balance that the liberated Lebanon was originally founded and its importance is far-reaching.

I have, it will be noted, been considering the situation in terms of interior policy. At present this would appear to be a factor more important than Lebanon's relations with the United Arab Republic. President Nasser is well aware that to incorporate Lebanon in his republic would require a bloody revolution and that even if it were entirely successful the result would not provide him with a reliable recruit. Moreover, the *mot d'ordre* in Egypt is to pipe down, though, of course, such decisions are always reversible. For the time being Egypt has withdrawn into herself and is not in an adventurous mood. Lebanon has, it would seem, a period of grace in which to look into her internal weaknesses instead of watching for outside aggression.

Neither the United States nor the United Kingdom set out to interfere with the domestic affairs of these small countries. All they tried to do was to afford them an opportunity to set these in order themselves. If critics find that the reorganisation has not been sufficiently radical or that the result does not present a sufficiently good prospect of durability, they have still no right to reproach the two great Powers as having failed to accomplish what they did not try to do. Soviet Russia made sure, with the aid of tanks and fearful destruction in Budapest, of setting up a régime which met Communist requirements. The Western leaders have not followed this path. They may, however, claim to have succeeded in what they did attempt.

To keep up with the designs and performances of a Power with a sense of responsibility as elastic as that of Russia is admittedly difficult. Without doubt we have on more than one occasion been surprised and outwitted by her. Yet if Russia had acted similarly in support of small nations favourable to her ideology, and with similar results, all the tiresome know-alls in this country would be declaring that we had been "out-smarted"—and in some cases delighted to say so. We should not too readily give ear to these defeatists. In the case in question their efforts to prove their own country in the wrong and to have failed should deceive only those already softened-up by such propaganda. The aid sent by the United States and Britain to Lebanon and Jordan was justified and served its purpose.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



(Left.)
BURMA. THE FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF BURMA, U NU, WHO RESIGNED OFFICE IN FAVOUR OF GENERAL NE WIN, IS SEEN AS HE IS INITIATED AS A BUDDHIST MONK DURING A CEREMONY IN RANGOON ON NOVEMBER 26. IT IS REPORTED THAT HE WILL WEAR PRIEST'S ROBES FOR MORE THAN A MONTH.



(Right.)
DUBLIN. CARDINAL-ELECT DR. WILLIAM GODFREY, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, SIGNS THE REGISTER AFTER THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAW WAS CONFERRED ON HIM BY THE NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND IN DUBLIN ON DECEMBER 4. ON HIS RIGHT IS MR. DE VALERA, PRIME MINISTER.



CALIFORNIA. A FUTILE REQUEST: A SIGN PLEADING WITH MOTORISTS TO "KEEP CALIFORNIA GREEN AND GOLDEN" IS ITSELF ABOUT TO BE BURNT IN A FOREST FIRE. Bush fires in the hilly country near Malibu Beach, California, started on the night of December 2, and on the following day spread over an area five miles long and eight miles wide. More than twenty-five houses were destroyed and several hundred people had to evacuate their homes in canyons. The fire was not brought under control until December 4.



CALIFORNIA. FLAMES FROM THE FOREST FIRES ROUND MALIBU BEACH LEAP INTO THE SKY NEAR THE NEW BUILDING CONSTRUCTED FOR THE POTTER PACIFIC MISSILE CO. THE BUILDING WAS SAVED.



NORWAY. A NEW CHRISTMAS-TREE FOR LONDON IS SAWN DOWN IN A FOREST NEAR OSLO. THIS REPLACES A DAMAGED TREE, ALSO A NORWEGIAN GIFT.

There was a mishap the week before last when a 57-ft. Norwegian Christmas-tree, a gift from Norway for Trafalgar Square, snapped during its unloading in England. Quick action was taken. A message was sent at once to Oslo and, as can be seen in the two photographs above, arrangements were made the same day for the selection, cutting and transporting of a replacement.



NORWAY. LONDON'S NEW CHRISTMAS-TREE. THE FOREST CHIEF AND AN ASSISTANT WATCH AS THE TREE IS TAKEN BY LORRY FROM THE FOREST AT MARIDALEN.



CONNECTICUT, U.S.A. HOW TO DO AWAY WITH SNOW-SHOVELLING: A STEAM-ROLLER IS USED TO SURFACE AN ELECTRICALLY-HEATED DRIVEWAY.

An ingenious labour-saving device has been offered by the Silliman Paving Co., of Bridgeport, Conn. It offers its customers electrically-heated driveways, thus abolishing the hard work of removing melting snow and ice.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA. THE U.S. ARMY MOON-PROBE, *PIONEER III*; (LEFT) THE ELEMENTS DEMONSTRATED IN MODEL FORM BY DRS. W. VON BRAUN (STANDING) AND W. H. PICKERING; AND (RIGHT) THE PAYLOAD HEAD. The U.S. Army's *Pioneer III* rocket assembly launched on December 6 reached a height of 65,000 miles and disintegrated on December 7 over the Sahara on its return. It comprised, as shown in the models, a Jupiter rocket, a drum of eleven rocket engines, a triple rocket and a final single rocket carrying the conical payload.

CAIRO, EGYPT. AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS ASIAN TOUR: PRESIDENT TITO OF YUGOSLAVIA (LEFT) WITH PRESIDENT NASSER AT PORT SAID.

At the beginning of a ten-week tour in which he will visit the United Arab Republic, India, Burma, Ceylon, Indonesia and the Sudan, and perhaps other countries, President Tito and his party in the yacht *Galeb* were given a ceremonial welcome at Port Said by President Nasser, a 21-gun salute being fired by Egyptian warships on Dec. 5.



FRANCE. MONT BLANC AND THE BRENVIA GLACIER, NEAR WHICH WILL LIE THE SOUTH-EASTERN END OF THE NEW MONT BLANC ROAD TUNNEL, ON WHICH WORK BEGAN RECENTLY.



FRANCE. THE SIGN "0.00" MARKS THE POINT AT WHICH DRILLING FOR ONE OF THE ENDS OF THE MONT BLANC ROAD TUNNEL, WITH ROCK DRILLS AS SHOWN, BEGAN. The Mont Blanc road tunnel, on which work has just begun, will connect Chamonix and Entreves, both in France, but will supply an important winter-clear road route between France and Italy. It is a joint Franco-Italian project and tunnelling will be done from either end, the final tunnel being over seven miles long.



CANADA-U.S.A. THE NEW INTERNATIONAL HIGH-LEVEL BRIDGE, LINKING CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES AT THE HEAD OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY.

This new bridge, which it is stated took only six months to erect, was opened to traffic on December 1. The two towers are 215 ft. high and the bridge span is 1800 ft., with a total length of 3480 ft. It stands not far from Massena, New York State.



FLORIDA, U.S.A. TESTING THE HEART-BEAT OF A STRANDED PILOT WHALE WHICH HAS BEEN RESCUED IN A RUBBER RAFT AND TAKEN TO A MARINE AQUARIUM AT MIAMI FOR POSSIBLE DISPLAY THERE.

AN EPHEMERAL MARVEL OF THE BUDDHIST WORLD: FIGURES OF BUTTER AND DOUGH.



LAMAS IN CEREMONIAL DRESS AND YELLOW-CRESTED HATS DANCE ROUND FIGURES MADE OF DOUGH AND BUTTER SET OUT ON AN ALTAR TABLE DURING A MONASTIC FESTIVAL.

WHEN he was twelve years old, the great Italian sculptor Antonio Canova (1757-1822) modelled a lion in butter. He modelled it so well that one of the Falieri family of Venice noted his talent and sent him on a course of study which founded his career. To-day, the lamaistic Buddhists in Tibet, China and Nepal create images and offerings for their rituals in much the same way: they make them from coloured butter and flour-paste. The greatest of their festivals is called the *Dumje* and takes place in early July before the villagers disperse with their yak-herds to the high pastures. The author of the accompanying article on Buddhist ritual requisites, Professor Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf, watched this festival last year. The preparation for the ritual of the festival took three days. First, the villagers kneaded dye of various colours into

[Continued below.]



A LAMA IN THE VILLAGE OF KHUMJUNG PREPARES MOULDED BUTTER DECORATIONS FOR A RITUAL FIGURE TO BE USED IN A TEMPLE FESTIVAL.



A FIGURE REPRESENTING A LAMAISTIC DEITY BEING CARRIED FROM A TEMPLE BY A SHERPA AFTER SIX DAYS OF *DUMJE* CELEBRATIONS.



A LAMA HOLDING A WOODEN BOARD COVERED IN ELABORATELY-MOULDED BUTTER WHICH WILL BE ATTACHED TO AN IMAGE USED IN THE *DUMJE* FESTIVAL OF KHUMJUNG.

[Continued.] yak-butter. Then the lamas and other villagers skilful in making ritual figures started decorating the wooden frames later to be attached to the main *torma*, the name given to a set of figures representing divinities and demons. Finally, the vivid patterns and mouldings were placed in the village temple, and the lamas and their helpers constructed the main item of the assembly: large dough-figures usually made of parched barley flour, water, yak-butter and rice. Owing to the high altitude the butter mouldings usually remain firm for as long as six days. The most significant of the figures at the festival symbolises a demon whose ritual destruction makes the climax of the ceremony. The figure is painted black and red, and small models of human skulls are raised above it. It is finally taken to the boundary of the village in which the *Dumje* is being celebrated and burnt. Another great occasion for lamaistic Buddhists is the annual Lantern Festival, when thousands of holiday-makers dance and jostle one another round floral sculptures made of yak-butter, sometimes standing as high as 35 ft. The origin of this art is unknown, but Professor Haimendorf suggests that it may have developed among nomadic Tibetans who were unable to carry with them solid figures of their gods and devils.

Photographs by Professor Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf.



FASHIONED FROM PIGMENTED YAK-BUTTER DURING THE ANNUAL LANTERN FESTIVAL AT THE TAERH MONASTERY IN CHINGHAI PROVINCE OF CHINA: MANY HUMAN FIGURES, THREE WHITE HORSES AND A DAHLIA.



ONE OF MANY SCENES DEPICTING HISTORICAL LEGENDS OF THE BUDDHIST FAITH: TRUMPETERS ON HORSEBACK GALLOP ALONG A SIMULATED FLOWER GARDEN. ABOVE THEM PRESS CHARACTERS OF LAMAISTIC LEGEND.



THE LAMAS AT THE TAERH MONASTERY ARE SEEN MAKING, WITH YAK-BUTTER, PORTRAITS OF THEIR COUNTRY'S CHAIRMAN, MAO TSE-TUNG, THE DALAI LAMA AND ANOTHER DIGNITARY OF THEIR FAITH.

EFFIGIES OF TRUMPETERS, FLOWERS AND A CHILD—IN BUTTER—ADORNING THE TIBETAN LANTERN FESTIVAL.

Although it is at present almost impossible for a foreigner to visit Tibet, it is still feasible to see the more important Lamaistic Buddhist rituals carried out in adjoining territories. Professor Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf has, for instance, described and photographed in the previous page rites taking place in Nepal. The photographs on this page show the effigies and decoration, made largely of yak-butter, which were set up at the Taerh Monastery in Chinghai province, China, for this year's Lantern Festival. The Taerh Monastery is the birthplace of Tsong Ka-pa, founder of the Yellow Hat sect of Tibetan Buddhism,



A CLOSE-UP PORTRAIT OF A TIBETAN CHILD HOLDING A CEREMONIAL GOBLET. LIKE THE OTHER FIGURES ON THIS PAGE, THE CHILD WAS PART OF THIS YEAR'S LANTERN FESTIVAL AT TAERH MONASTERY.

and has immense prestige as a centre both of religion and Buddhist art. Approximately 80,000 people—most of them Tibetans but some of other nationality—crowded into the monastery for the celebration, packing themselves excitedly round the butter sculpture and the surrounding silk portraits and mural paintings to watch the dancing and the other related ceremonies. As may be seen in these photographs, the effigies obtained from this astonishing Buddhist art form resemble the products of an exquisite, sophisticated confectioner's shop. After the festivals, the sacred figures are broken up and eaten.

IMAGES AND OFFERINGS MADE MAINLY OF YAK-BUTTER: A REPORT ON LITTLE-KNOWN BUT FASCINATING REQUISITES OF BUDDHIST RITUAL.

By **CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF**, Professor of Asian Anthropology at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London.

BUDDHISM in its lamaistic form as practised in Tibet and Nepal has developed a unique type of ritual requisites. Though ephemeral and made of butter and dough, they are yet of such elaborateness that days may have to be spent in the preparation of ritual objects used in a single ceremony and then discarded. A set of such figures, known as *torma* and representing divine personages, spirits and demons, as well as offerings of various forms, are required for every rite conducted by lamas. Whether a rite is to be held in a temple, in the open or in a private house, the figures have to be set

instrument resembling an icing-piper, producing spaghetti-like shapes of coloured butter which he first let fall into cold water, and then used for making the borders of the designs as well as some of the more intricate patterns. Even a famous fresco-painter, whose services are in demand as far as Kathmandu and distant Tibetan monasteries, joined in the making of these butter designs and used his great skill in drawing to adorn them with an intricate scroll-pattern in black ink.

In any climate warmer than that of Khumbu the patterns and high reliefs of butter would soon

Each of these figures has to have a form prescribed by tradition in every detail of design and symbol, and even experienced lamas work with the help of coloured hand-painted pattern books. They first build up the main structure of a figure by moulding barley-dough or boiled rice into flat blocks and cubes, and placing these one on top of the other. A wooden stick on which each layer is impaled serves as a support for the whole structure, and the basic shape of most figures thus formed is a kind of stepped pyramid. But the spire-like upper part moulded around the centre pile has a more elaborate form depending on the divinity the *torma* is to represent. The various layers may be alternatively of parched barley-flour and rice, but when the figure is complete neither the brown nor the white material remains visible. For as soon as the dough structure is complete it is partly covered by a thin layer of coloured butter and partly painted red. Then the curved, wooden boards decorated with butter designs the previous day are attached to the figure and frame it like a halo. An important feature of the decoration is very thin circular and moon-shaped discs of uncoloured butter which are stuck not only to the principal, elaborately constructed *torma*, but even to the smaller ones representing minor divinities or sacrificial offerings.

A special figure made at the *Dumje* festival symbolises the demonic fiend whose ritual destruction forms the climax of the ceremonies. This figure is painted black and red, with scrolls representing hellish flames, and miniature models of human skulls are hoisted above it on thin poles. It is ultimately carried to the village-boundary and burnt in a pit.

While the lamas constructed the principal *torma*, other helpers busied themselves making small dough models of various sacrificial animals and innumerable conical cakes to be used as offerings. All these were finally arranged on the altar where the colourful main *torma* occupied the highest tier. Below them were representations of minor deities and still lower were set out the offerings for the deities to be invoked in the ritual: those appealing to the seven senses of benevolent calm deities, and those more horrific demanded by blood-thirsty, fierce divinities. While the texts of the liturgy prescribe offerings of blood and human flesh, the harmless and sophisticated Sherpas



CREATING THE ART FORM DESCRIBED BY PROFESSOR HAIMENDORF IN HIS ARTICLE: A YOUNG SHERPA LAMA SHAPING A RITUAL FIGURE OF BARLEY-DOUGH AND BUTTER.

out on an altar consisting of different tiers, where each of them has its fixed place. But whereas in most other religious ritual figures and symbols used in organised worship are permanent and made of solid materials, Tibetan lamas make their altarpieces of such fragile substances as coloured butter and flour-paste. Their art lies thus midway between that of the sculptor and the confectioner, and at the end of their acts of worship the sacred figures, which for several days may have represented divinities of the Buddhist pantheon, are broken up and eaten.

Though Tibet is no longer accessible to Western travellers and scholars, lamaistic ritual can still be studied among the Buddhist people of Nepal, and, above all, among the Sherpas, a race of highlanders, who follow closely the Tibetan pattern of belief and worship. It was in the Sherpa villages of Khumbu that in 1957 I watched on many occasions the construction of the butter and dough figures without which no lamaistic ceremony is complete. Greatest of all the village-festivals was the *Dumje*, celebrated in early July, before the villagers dispersed with their yak-herds to the high pastures.

The preparation for the ritual part of this festival took three days, and on the first of these the villagers responsible for its organisation produced large quantities of butter and mixed it with powdered dyes of various colours. This was done by kneading the dye into the butter and slightly heating the produce over a fire.

On the next day the village-lamas and other men skilful in the art of making ritual figures assembled in the house of the elected organiser, and set to work on decorating the wooden frames and haloes later to be attached to the main *torma*. These wooden parts, thin boards of various shapes, are the only permanent features of these figures, and serve, so to say, as the canvas to which the artists apply the intricate designs of multi-coloured butter. Each of the artists was supplied with large lumps of butter coloured in various shades of red, blue, green and yellow, and these he kept floating in a bowl of cold water. For the most delicate work, however, cones of coloured butter were arranged on a tablet like colours on a palette. The lamas began the decoration of the thin wooden boards by building up a pattern of tile-like butter-pats in different colours. On this multi-coloured surface they then painted a design in black ink, and one lama moulded flower petals and leaves of butter in various pastel colours formed with these flowers and arranged them in a floral design on one set of boards. Another lama worked with an



A NUMBER OF BUDDHIST PEASANTS PHOTOGRAPHED AS THEY PREPARE THEIR CEREMONIAL DOUGH-FIGURES INSIDE THE VILLAGE TEMPLE OF KHUMJUNG.

Photographs by Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf.

have melted. But at an altitude of 13,500 ft. even summer days are cool, and inside a Sherpa house or temple, the butter remains firm however delicate the moulding. In the evening the wooden boards, completely covered with patterns and mouldings in vivid colours, were deposited in the village-temple, and it was there that the next day the lamas began the construction of the great dough-figures to which these boards were to be attached. For this task the lamas were joined by several helpers, who began to mix parched barley-flour with water and butter and kneaded it into a stiff dough of a brown colour. This and rice cooked so long until it formed a solid, sticky mass, were the raw materials from which several lamas constructed the great figures for the *Dumje* altar.

substitute for these such inoffensive substances as tea and barley-dough, modelling from the latter realistic representations of human limbs. But three cups made of genuine human skulls must always be present, and they are made more gruesome by the addition of teeth and soft parts modelled in butter of various colours.

As soon as the ceremonies begin, dozens of brass lamps filled with butter instead of oil throw their flickering light on the array of images and figures symbolising the vast host of supernatural beings by which the Sherpas no less than the Tibetans believe themselves surrounded. It is these deities which are then summoned by chanting, the clash of cymbals and the piercing sound of trumpets. As they present [Continued overleaf.]

AMONG THE SHERPAS AND OTHER BUDDHISTS OF NEPAL: STRANGE RITUAL SCULPTURE.



THE ALTAR FOR AN OPEN-AIR BUDDHIST RITE, HELD AT AN ALTITUDE OF ALMOST 17,000 FT., KNOWN AS YERDZANG. THE DOUGH-FIGURES ARE SUPPORTED BY THE BELIEVERS TO PROTECT YAKS.



PART OF THE DOUGH- AND BUTTER-FIGURES SET OUT DURING THE DUMJE FESTIVAL IN THE TEMPLE OF NAMCHE BAZAR. IN THE CENTRE IS A SET OF FIGURES KNOWN AS A TORMA, SURMOUNTED BY A SKULL.

Continued from preceding page.

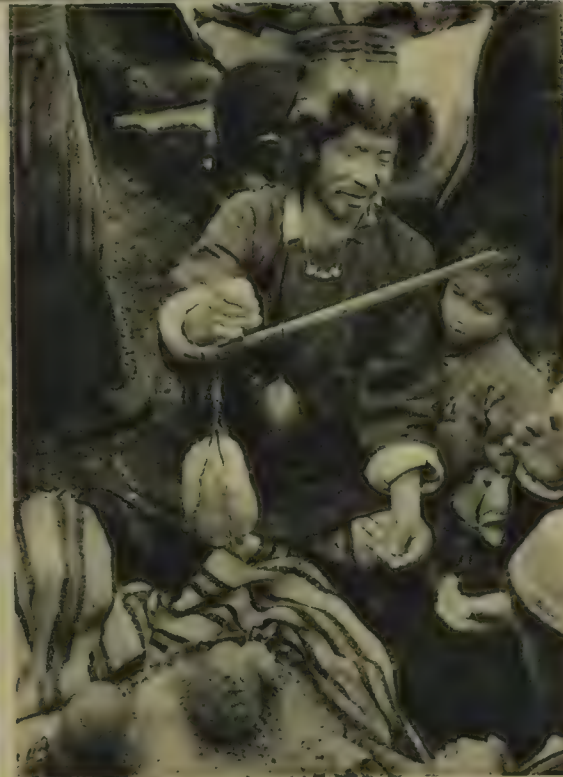
themselves before the assembly, offerings symbolic and real are lifted up by one of the ministering priests. At the *Dumje* festival the ceremonies last for a full six days, and throughout this period the figures of dough and butter remain in position on the altar of the temple. Only gradually do they show signs of tiredness, the delicate butter mouldings losing some of their freshness. When, after the end of the feast, they are unceremoniously broken up and distributed, the dough made of parched barley-flour is still eatable, but the butter mixed with chemical dyes is wisely enough not eaten but used in place of hair-oil and to soften hides and leather. The Sherpas do not consider the time spent on their construction to have been wasted. They have fulfilled their purpose, and symbolised the supernatural personages present in the ritual. As soon as that is over and a profane context replaces the atmosphere of sacredness, the figures revert to what they were: cakes of flour and butter [*Continued below.*]



A SET OF SACRED FIGURES OF DOUGH AND BUTTER ON AN IMPROVISED ALTAR INSIDE A SHERPA HOUSE WHERE A FUNERAL SERVICE IS BEING CELEBRATED.



THE SCENE DURING A MEMORIAL RITE IN THE VILLAGE TEMPLE OF KHUMJUNG, WHEN LARGE NUMBERS OF DOUGH- AND BUTTER-FIGURES HAVE BEEN SET OUT ON AN ALTAR IN THREE TIERS.



A SHERPA WEIGHING THE LUMPS OF BARLEY-FLOUR DOUGH WHICH FAMILIES OF HERDSMEN CONTRIBUTE TO THE ANNUAL RITE HELD ON THE HIGH YAK-STATIONS.

Continued.

moulded into a variety of shapes. The origin of the art of making these ephemeral images is obscure, but it may have developed among the nomadic, pastoral Tibetans, who, moving about with their herds, were unable to carry solid figures of gods and demons with them. But even though the Sherpas and sedentary Tibetans have in their monasteries, village-temples and private chapels,

numerous solid images of divinities, the conventional figures of dough and butter retain their special function, and the technique of constructing them is passed down from one generation of lamas to the other, the use of special illustrated manuals guaranteeing that there should be no deviation from the traditional shapes.

KING CHARLES I AT BAY.

"THE KING'S WAR, 1641-1647," By C. V. WEDGWOOD*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE character of the Civil War in the seventeenth century is often misunderstood. Those whose sympathies are with the Parliament not infrequently regard the struggle as one between a faithless and tyrannical monarch, backed by a loose-living aristocracy, on the one hand, and a sober and liberty-loving middle-class on the other. On the contrary, those who incline towards the Royal cause are apt to see the conflict in the light of a conspiracy by a minority of determined conspirators prepared to stop at nothing to achieve their nefarious purpose of overthrowing the monarchy. Too often the pen and the brush have depicted the Civil War in one or other of these strong lights, and very rarely has it been shown in those half-tones which more nearly approximate to the truth. It is the supreme merit of Miss Wedgwood's latest volume that she has so shown it.

As she has so rightly stressed both in this book and in its predecessor, the issue between King and Parliament was not in origin so clear-cut as it later became, or as it appears in retrospect, when much is obvious that was hidden from contemporaries. To the historian in his study two or three centuries later, with all the relevant documents at his disposal, it may appear strange that men should have had any hesitation in declaring for one side or the other, but to take such a view is surely to betray some ignorance of human nature. When the dynastic crisis first burst upon the British Empire in December 1636, and before it was realised exactly what was at stake, men and women who had many beliefs in common suddenly found themselves taking diametrically opposed views; so it was in 1641 with much more reason. Thousands of swords must have been drawn for King or Parliament only with the greatest reluctance, and this may well explain the mildness of the struggle, except when there were Irishmen or priests to be butchered, compared with the horrors of the contemporary Thirty Years War. Even when hostilities had begun, Miss Wedgwood is of the opinion that "the majority throughout the country still hoped that the storm would pass over before they were called upon to decide for either party."

She thus sums up the situation at the moment when the issues at stake were about to be put to the arbitrament of the sword:

The King was sincere in averring that he wished to protect Parliament and the liberties of his people. The Parliamentary leaders were equally sincere in protesting their respect for the King. But the meaning of such words as "protection," "liberty," and "respect" was not the same for both parties. The King wished to make an end of this particular Parliament but not to destroy Parliament as an institution. The Parliamentary leaders were ready to respect his person, but not the prerogative that he claimed. Each side was resolved to make the other dependent and therefore harmless. Both were convinced that within a few weeks—or months at most—God would have blessed the righteous cause.

Not the least of the King's misfortunes was that he had against him John Pym, one of the ablest revolutionaries of all time. "He had not merely taken the initiative out of the King's hands," Miss Wedgwood writes, "he had planned his Parliamentary tactics with a forethought and skill more ingenious, more unscrupulous, and in

the event more successful than anything that had been practised before." As a politician he was a far from attractive figure, but in private he was said to have been "indifferent neither to Bacchus nor to Venus." Indeed, he appears to have been that extremely unpleasant type, a *faux bonhomme*. When he died, Pym had done his work, and he was able to hand on his torch to men like Oliver St. John, Harry Vane, and Oliver Cromwell.

Confronted by such a man Charles was powerless. He was quite incapable of working up crowd emotion in his own favour. He could only state the issues as he saw them, not as they might appear to the average man, which is the secret of successful propaganda; so he played into the hands of Pym, who was a master of such technique. The attempt to arrest the Five Members in the House of Commons is evidence of the clumsiness of the Royal methods. They should have been rounded up, if at all, in their beds, though probably, in view of the rapidity with which his cause was at that time gaining ground, the best policy for Charles would have been for him to have given

the seaports were in their hands. The King was strong in the west and in the north, but even there he was not supreme, for Gloucester and Hull, in Roundhead possession, prevented him from denuding those districts of troops for an advance upon London. In many counties there was for years confused and sporadic fighting, such as marks all civil wars, and it often bore little relation to what was happening elsewhere.

Nor was this all, for military operations were continually being held up while political negotiations took place. Particularly was this the case after the Battle of Edgehill, when Charles took three weeks to cover the eighty miles that separated him from the outskirts of London. The King and his advisers never seem to have realised that delay would help their adversaries, and it might, perhaps, not have done so but for the appearance of a military genius of the first order—his political views are another matter—in the person of Oliver Cromwell.

That extraordinary man and Prince Rupert were the outstanding soldiers of the war, for the author rightly refuses to subscribe to the old-fashioned view that Rupert had no other idea of tactics than a headlong charge from which he and his cavaliers only returned when the battle had been lost by his uncle's unsupported infantry. The legend of his reckless charges doubtless owed its rise to the fact that his practice of charging home was an innovation, for until his time cavalry had mainly been used as mounted infantry. Thus the Civil War contributed not a little to the development of the cavalry arm, for Cromwell was too good a soldier not to apply the lessons which his opponents had taught him: a generation later the charge of the Polish lancers outside Vienna broke the Ottoman power in Europe for ever, but it was Rupert at Edgehill who set in motion that cavalry revival which John Sobieski was so notably to exploit.

One of Miss Wedgwood's chief virtues as a historian is that she never loses sight of the wood on account of the trees. She has a wonderful facility for describing the interplay of forces at any given moment, and never has she given more evidence of this facility than in these pages. The story she has to tell is an extremely complicated one, with Irish and Scots, French cardinals and Dutch admirals, all crossing and re-crossing the English stage; but she never loses the thread of her narrative, with the result that this volume can take its place by the side of her "Thirty Years War": there can be no higher praise.

A second full-page survey of Christmas books for children by E. D. O'Brien appears on page 1064 of this issue.



"THE INFORMING GENIUS OF THE KING'S ARMY": PRINCE RUPERT, PAINTED BY GERARD HONTHORST.

The Landesgalerie, Hanover.

Pym enough rope to hang himself, as his own son was to do in the case of Shaftesbury later in the century.

To quote Miss Wedgwood again:

Had Charles succeeded, his act of inspired audacity would have been an object-lesson on the might and authority of the Sovereign against the factious subject. But if there was the least risk of failure, the project was folly; the attempt, and not the deed, would confound him utterly. He should not, unless he was acting on an absolute certainty, have taken part in the arrest himself, for by so doing he cut off his own retreat; he would never be able to shift the blame.

The larger part of this book is naturally concerned with the campaigns of the Civil War, and the impression of the very confused fighting is exceedingly well conveyed. Strategically the King's position was a good deal weaker than that of his opponents. The Parliament had the support of London, with its supplies of men and money, and also of Essex, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Kent. This is not to say that there were not many in this area who favoured the Royal cause, but they were compelled to conceal their sentiments. There was thus a solid geographical area upon which the enemies of Charles could rely, and they also had the added advantage of acting upon interior lines: moreover,



A LIBERAL-MINDED PURITAN ON THE SIDE OF PARLIAMENT: SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER. A PORTRAIT AFTER PETER LELEY.

The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

The two pictures from the book reviewed here are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Collins.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS C. V. WEDGWOOD. Miss Wedgwood is one of the leading historians of our day. She was born in Northumberland, but is a Londoner by adoption. She studied the seventeenth century, which she considers to have been of paramount importance in English history and on which she is an acknowledged expert, in France, Germany and at Oxford. Her first book, "Strafford," was published in 1935. Other of her works include "The Thirty Years War," "Oliver Cromwell" and "William the Silent." The first volume of her history of the civil war was called "The King's Peace."

* This is the second volume of C. V. Wedgwood's history of the Civil War in England entitled, "The Great Rebellion." "The King's War, 1641-1647." Illustrated. (Collins; 35s.).



RUFFS AND REEVES IN DENMARK: TWO PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY NATURE EXHIBITION.

Two bronze medals have been awarded for outstanding work in the Royal Photographic Society's 1958 Autumn Exhibition of Nature Photography, one of them going to Mr. C. C. Doncaster for the all-round excellence of his photographs of birds in Denmark. The awards are made by the Council of the Society. The two photographs above are from Mr. Doncaster's prize-winning series, the upper one showing resident ruffs awaiting the arrival of visiting ruffs and reeves, and the lower one, a motionless display by resident and visiting ruffs to a reeve. (Ruff and reeve are the names given to the

male and female respectively of one of the forms of sandpiper.) The neck feathers of the ruff, which play an important part in displaying, are grown specially for the breeding season. When ready to seek a mate, the reeves go to the traditional places where the ruffs give their communal or "lek" displays. The prints in the Exhibition, continuing at 16, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7, until Dec. 19 and also illustrated on the opposite page, are to be shown in the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff, next January and in the Far East, where they are to go on tour under the care of Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore.



A BABY COYPU COMING ASHORE: A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MARKHAM, F.R.P.S. THE ADULTS ATTAIN A LENGTH OF UP TO 2 FT. EXCLUSIVE OF THE TAIL.



AN OLD MALE COYPU—ANOTHER OF JOHN MARKHAM'S PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE WILD COYPU COLONY IN NORFOLK. CLAIMED TO BE THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF WILD COYPU TAKEN IN THIS COUNTRY: R.P.S. EXHIBITS.

These two photographs by John Markham are among the more striking exhibits in the Royal Photographic Society's Autumn Exhibition of Nature Photography this year, which continues at 16, Princes Gate, London, S.W.7, until December 19. They were taken in Norfolk, where the wild coypu, which comes from South America, exists in considerable numbers. (It was in Norfolk that a large coypu recently rushed at a naturalist as he stumbled upon five young of the species among the

marshes.) The coypu, or nutria, is a rodent, attaining a length of from 20 ins. to 2 ft., exclusive of the tail, and its coarse overhair covers a dense underfur of considerable commercial value. Wild coypu populations have sprung up in England, other parts of Europe and in the United States as a result of escapes from fur farms, which were established in East Anglia between the two world wars. During severe winters in England their numbers are reduced by the cold.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



TO most gardeners the name "Tai Haku" will either mean a great deal, or just nothing at all. It is the name of what is perhaps the most beautiful of all the

ornamental Japanese flowering cherries. Its full name is *Prunus serrulata* "Tai Haku," and if I were compelled for any reason to grow one variety, and one only, my choice would most certainly be for this one, in spite of its flowers being white, and single. Yes, I prefer "Tai Haku" to any of

"TAI HAKU."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

did anything remarkable in the way of autumn colour. But one must not grumble at that. A tree which promptly grows so tall and graceful, and in spring becomes a fountain of foamy, white blossom, has surely done its stuff, as the saying goes.

In the same way it would not be reasonable to grumble at *Prunus serrulata* "Tai Haku" for not producing luscious cherries in addition to its sumptuous great white blossoms. I have never thought of examining "Tai Haku's" flowers, for, being single, they might perhaps be expected to produce a cherry or two now and again. Possibly this sterility is due to some inconspicuous malformation in the centre—the business centre—of the flowers. "Tai Haku's" blossoms are really quite remarkable for a cherry. I have never actually measured one, but I feel very sure that I could not encircle one with finger and thumb. But in spite of their great size there is nothing coarse about them. Rather are they sumptuous, and in perfect taste.

We have to thank Capt. Collingwood Ingram for this superb flowering cherry. He did not

raise it. Nor did he import it from Japan. Having accumulated in his Kentish garden what was—and is—probably the finest and most complete collection of ornamental cherries in the country, and ransacked Japanese sources for every variety he could lay hands on, he went to visit a private garden, not many miles from his own, a garden in which was a collection of ornamental cherries which apparently had been imported from Japan some years before. Among these cherry trees he spotted one specimen which struck him as distinct from any cherry that he had ever met. Whether it was in flower at the time I can not remember. However it was, he was given scions of the tree, which at the time was in very bad shape, if not actually on its last legs. The scions were duly grafted, and so what is, in its way, the finest of all cherries, was saved and finally launched upon a grateful gardening public. But it is probable that relatively few folk who buy, plant, and enjoy "Tai Haku" know the strange story of its discovery and rescue from what seems to have been a lingering death.



"TAI HAKU," WHOSE NAME MEANS "GREAT WHITE," IS THE LARGEST-FLOWERED VARIETY OF CHERRY IN THE WORLD; AND SOME IDEA OF ITS SIZE CAN BE RECEIVED BY THIS COMPARISON WITH THE SPRIG OF THE FRUITING VARIETY "NAPOLEON," ON THE LEFT.

Photograph by Captain Collingwood Ingram.

the pink double-flowered cherries, beautiful though many of these are. I planted a young specimen of "Tai Haku" in my garden about ten years ago. It was then a grafted specimen no more than 2 or 3 ft. high, and I put it in a bed specially prepared for it, in a plot of rough grass at the far end of a lawn on the north side of my house. There it has an open position in full sun, and is sheltered from the north and east by a belt of evergreen trees. I am glad that I originally decided to plant a small specimen, and let it develop as a big bush, branching upwards and outwards from the base, rather than a standard carrying its branches and flowers aloft upon a 6-ft. naked stem.

My "Tai Haku" has developed uncommonly well. Without having actually measured it, I would say that it must stand a good 12 or 14 ft. high, with a spread of well over 20 ft. At the time of writing, late November, my "Tai Haku" provides a magnificent blaze of rich colour. The rather large leaves range from gold to orange and orange-red or scarlet, and, fortunately, we have had no violent winds, so that this autumn splendour has remained on the tree longer than usual, though enough leaves have fallen gently, to form a fine colourful rug around the base of the tree. A little distance behind and to one side of the "Tai Haku" I planted a standard specimen of *Prunus yedoensis*. This has made tremendously vigorous growth with branches fanning gracefully up and out with every appearance of intending to become a forest tree. *Prunus yedoensis* decks itself in spring with a foamy mass of myriads of smallish white blossoms, which is finely set off in my specimen by a huge evergreen oak as background. This *Prunus yedoensis* has already shed its leaves, and I can not remember that it



"THE SUMPTUOUS GREAT WHITE BLOSSOMS" OF *PRUNUS SERRULATA* "TAI HAKU," "PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL THE ORNAMENTAL JAPANESE FLOWERING CHERRIES." (Photograph by Rupert Darnton.)

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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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In later years, when Capt. Ingram visited Japan, in cherry-blossom time, he was unable to find any trace of "Tai Haku" in either nurseries or private gardens. But he visited an aged Japanese prince who not only grew a great collection of cherries, but had paintings of them, close-up individual portraits of the best varieties. These he showed to Capt. Ingram, and among them was a painting of "Tai Haku." With sorrow the aged prince told how he had this variety in the past, and how to his great grief it died out on him, completely and absolutely. Ingram then told how he had this very thing growing in his garden in England, whereupon the old prince closed the collection of paintings—and the session—and without actually saying so made his guest feel—well—that his claim was altogether too difficult to swallow. On his return to England, Ingram sent out a live and growing specimen of "Tai Haku" to the unbelieving prince, who in the meantime, alas, had died.



TOWERING OVER 300 FT. INTO THE SKY: AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW OF PART OF THE KARIBA DAM WHICH EARLIER THIS YEAR BARELY SHOWED ABOVE THE WATERS OF THE ZAMBESI.

With the recent filling in of the sluices in the Kariba Dam, the Zambesi—Africa's fourth largest river—was to be reduced for fifty miles below the dam to what is by normal standards a mere trickle. The amount of water flowing over this stretch of the river will not be sufficient to sustain the present population of fish, and will probably also have a serious effect on the crocodiles and hippopotami. On both sides of the river the tsetse fly is prevalent, but it is only on the southern side that the fly seriously menaces human life.

With the river crossing made easier, guard posts are to be set up to prevent Africans on the north bank making hunting expeditions to the south, and thus carrying back the dangerous type of tsetse fly. Fifty miles below the dam, the Kafue joins the Zambesi. In the side of the gorge south of the dam, in a huge subterranean cavity, work is continuing on the hydro-electric installations, and, with the delays caused by this year's floods now made good, the supply of urgently needed power will probably begin in 1960.

AFTER THE FLOODS AT KARIBA: SEALING THE DAM TO HOLD BACK THE ZAMBESI—AND RESETTLING AFRICANS.



(Above.) TWO AFRICANS HERDING CATTLE AND GOATS NEAR THE KARIBA GORGE. WHEN THE FLOODING OF THE GORGE IS COMPLETE A LAKE SOME 200 SQUARE MILES IN EXTENT WILL BE FORMED, AND SOME 50,000 AFRICANS, MOSTLY OF THE TONGA TRIBE, WILL HAVE BEEN RESETTLED.

(Left) AN AFRICAN WOMAN SITTING ON HER DOOR-STEP SMOKING A HUBBLE-BUBBLE PIPE MADE FROM A CALABASH, WHILE ONE OF HER CHILDREN HUGGLES CLOSER TO HER, LOOKING ANXIOUSLY AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER: A SCENE IN ONE OF THE TONGA VILLAGES.



ROTTING THATCH AND OVERGROWN WEEDS—PROMINENT FEATURES IN A DESERTED AFRICAN VILLAGE, WHOSE INHABITANTS HAVE BEEN RESETTLED TO MAKE WAY FOR THE WATERS OF THE KARIBA RESERVOIR.



TOWERING ABOVE THE RIVER: THE GIANT KARIBA DAM SEEN FROM THE AIR. FLOODS THIS SPRING AND LAST YEAR WORK NOW AHEAD OF THE ORIGINAL SCHEDULE.

IN March this year the Kariba Dam, on the border between Southern and Northern Rhodesia, was barely showing above the waters of the Zambesi. The unprecedented floods of 1957 had been exceeded, and this caused damage and delay. Bridges at the site were swept away and, as can be seen from the lower right-hand photograph, water poured over the top of the coffer dam inside which the lower part of the main dam was being constructed. Now, however, after only a few months, the dam towers over 300 ft. above the river and on December 2 work began on the sealing off of the openings in the dam wall through which the water was still flowing. The sealing operation—a notable milestone in the realisation of this ambitious project—marked the beginning of the formation of the vast lake on the upstream side of the dam. Water is

to continue to flow through the dam at a reduced rate, which was agreed upon by the Portuguese and Rhodesian authorities through whose territory the river flows in its lower reaches, and the lake, which will finally cover some 2000 square miles, is expected to take about five years to fill. It will then be one of the world's largest artificial lakes, stretching miles away behind the dam along the Kariba Valley and covering land which some 50,000 Africans, mostly of the Tonga tribe, have previously inhabited. The moving and resettlement of the Africans has already begun, and, in addition to this large-scale human migration, large numbers of wild animals will also be forced to find new homes. Large areas of the basin which is to be flooded have been cleared of trees and it will thus be possible to use trawling nets for fishing in the new lake.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE DAM FROM THE DOWNSTREAM SIDE. THE KARIBA RESERVOIR WILL BE ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST ARTIFICIAL LAKES AND WILL TAKE ABOUT FIVE YEARS TO FILL.



THE SCENE AT THE DAM AT 3 P.M. ON MARCH 2 THIS YEAR, WHEN THE UNPRECEDENTED FLOODS WERE AT THEIR HEIGHT. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM A BRIDGE DESTROYED BY FLOODWATER SHORTLY AFTERWARDS.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

REVIEWS by FRANK DAVIS.



PART 2 of John Pope-Hennessy's study of Italian Sculpture in three large Phaidon volumes with ample illustrations is now in the bookshops and deals with the Renaissance, which, very neatly for the author's purpose, and in this context only, can be said to have begun in the year 1401, when the contest for the second bronze door of the Baptistery in Florence was open to "skilled masters from all the lands of Italy," and the competition was won by Ghiberti with Brunelleschi as runner-up. By a fortunate chance, both of their trial reliefs survive in the Museo Nazionale at Florence.



VERROCCHIO'S SPLENDID ARMED HEAD OF COLLEONI, A DETAIL OF THE GREAT BRONZE EQUESTRIAN STATUE WHICH STANDS IN THE CAMPO DI SS. GIOVANNI E PAOLO, VENICE. FROM "ITALIAN RENAISSANCE SCULPTURE."

With the aid of 144 full-page plates, 165 text illustrations, ample notes, more than 100 pages of exposition and brief biographies of the sculptors whose work is discussed, the reader is firmly guided through the whole of the fifteenth century and shown how, inspired by antiquity, and particularly by Roman art, artists from Donatello to Antonio Lombardo both revived old ideas and added something of their own. The results were as varied as the imaginations of the persons concerned—the free-standing statues like Donatello's "David" or "Judith," Verrocchio's enchanting "Putto With the Fish," or the great equestrian Colleoni monument; the little bronze statuettes of Riccio, tombs by many great and lesser men and, not least among them, the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey by Torrigiano, that Florentine who was exiled from his native city for having broken the nose of Michelangelo; and finally, some marvellous naturalistic portrait busts, which, though the practice is commonplace to us, were revolutionary in their day after centuries of purely emblematic portraiture. All this, and much more, is discussed with the author's usual lucidity and freshness of approach. The three volumes are announced as an Introduction to the subject; no doubt they are just that to the specialist. To the ordinary member of the public they provide all the answers to any of the questions likely to occur to him.

The latest of the splendid series on English Country Houses, published by Country Life, is entitled "Late Georgian" and deals with the years 1800 to 1840. The title is explained by the fact that all but three of those years were in the reign of George III and two of his sons. Twenty-two country houses built during this period are lavishly

illustrated and described and, in a lengthy introduction, Christopher Hussey, than whom no authority can be more sound on a subject which he has made peculiarly his own, illuminates what, to the layman, appears to be a hopeless tangle of architectural theory, by which the profession and its clients pursued at one and the same time, the picturesque, the neo-classic, the Italianate, the Tudor and the Mediaeval with equal zest and varying accomplishment. It is heartening to be reminded that not all great country houses have been turned into public institutions or submerged into the anonymity of Subtopia; it is agreeable also to realise that so many of them, hidden away amid park and garden, are still inhabited and worthily maintained—and, what is more, loved—by private individuals, not least among them Mr. Hussey's own enviable inheritance, Scotney Castle, Kent.

He is particularly interesting in discussing the romantic notions of the Picturesque as advocated first by Sir Uvedale Price, by Richard Payne Knight, by Humphrey Repton and by the far less well-known John Claudius Loudon, and as practised by Nash, who was evidently as happy "re-Tudorising" an old house as Gothicising a new one. A little later, the "nobility and gentry" reacted to the menace of the Reform Bill, it would seem, "by emphasising, in the architecture of their houses, the 'romance' of ancient aristocracy. At the same time the character of these buildings expresses the widening gulf, of which the Reform crisis was both symptom and cause, between two ways of life and scales of value—town and country." The description of the twenty-two houses begins with the Whitbread family mansion at Southill, Bedfordshire, rebuilt by Henry Holland and completed in 1803 apart from the furnishings; the author comments: "Architecture and decoration together compose the most perfect surviving instance of Holland's synthesis of Grecian and French refinements." It concludes with the fantastically elaborate Harlaxton Manor, Lincoln-

shire, designed by Salvin and (from 1838) by William Burn, upon which passing motorists may gaze with horror or admiration according to taste as they see it from the main Grantham-Melton Mowbray road. Hussey, at first, is demurely non-committal, speaking of "this immensely impressive building, the soaring cliff of the façade," but later is unable to resist a word or two about the inherent vulgarity of the Elizabethan style as adapted by Salvin and other "proto-Victorian" architects. Indeed the place, inside and out, is surely a monstrosity. And yet this same Anthony Salvin was the architect responsible for the reticent and sensitive design of the author's own house at Scotney; but in that case it is clear enough that the Hussey of the years 1835-43 was the last person to demand flamboyancy and kept his architect well under control.

The name of Oscar Kokoschka is not very well known in this country because, on the whole, the violence—the comparative violence—of Austrian and German expressionism is not much appreciated. Yet here is a man of great independence of spirit, now aged seventy-two, who fled from Prague in 1938 to escape the German invasion and settled precariously in London. This book deals in great detail with his life year by year, his writings and his painting. There are thirty-five colour plates, nearly 150 black-and-white reproductions, and numerous illustrations in the text. The author, Hans Wingler, is clearly a hero-worshipper who has taken immense pains to present an accurate picture both of the man and his work, and the illustrations

are convincing proof of the artist's powers—a smooth, self-satisfied suavity is not in his nature; even a view of Venice painted in 1924 is a tormented vision, while "Richmond Terrace" of 1926 does not fade peacefully away into the blue distance but is a fierce and, none the less, wonderful evocation of a tempestuous mood painted with what one can, I think, legitimately label a Mediterranean palette. As a portrait painter he has no illusions, great insight and is incapable of flattery—proof, anywhere throughout this volume—e.g., President Heuss, 1950, Pablo Casals, 1954.

This handsome and important book comes from Faber and Faber as do two others—additions to the thin elegant series on Oriental Art. The usual format—ten colour plates, notes on each, and an introduction. The first, by Nina Davies, deals with Egyptian Tomb Paintings, mainly from the Eighteenth Dynasty in the British Museum and the Bankes Collection, Kingston Lacy. Once Egyptian conventions have ceased to worry the onlooker—head in profile, the eye frontal, frontal shoulders, body and leg side view—the paintings can be accepted as wonderfully vivid representations of life as it was lived so many years ago, particularly in the drawings of herdsman and animals. Apart from that their interest seems to me to be archaeological only. The other book in the same series is on fifteenth-century Persian painting by R. H. Pender-Wilson. It was a dreadful century in terms of human suffering—well up to the horrible standards of previous decades—and yet the



ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION FROM MR. POPE-HENNESSY'S BOOK: A DETAIL FROM THE SAME STATUE BY VERROCCHIO. THE VENETIAN SIGNORIA OFFERED "ESPECIAL HONOURS TO THE ARTIST WHO MADE THE BEST-SHAPED HORSE."

patronage of the House of Timur resulted in remarkable achievements in book production. Indeed, the author goes so far as to compare the last great Timurid monarch, Husain Mirza at Herat, with his contemporary Lorenzo the Magnificent at Florence. The ten miniatures reproduced in colour are from the British Museum, the Bodleian Library and the Library of the Royal Asiatic Society.

"Italian Renaissance Sculpture." By John Pope-Hennessy. (The Phaidon Press Ltd.; £4 10s.)

"Late Georgian, 1800-1840." By Christopher Hussey. (Country Life Ltd.; £6 6s.)

"Oscar Kokoschka." By Hans Maria Wingler. (Galerie Welz [Austria], and Faber and Faber Ltd. [Great Britain]; £8 8s.)

"Egyptian Tomb Paintings." Introduction by Nina Davies. (Faber and Faber Ltd.; 15s.)

"Persian Painting of the Fifteenth Century." Introduction by R. H. Pender-Wilson. (Faber and Faber Ltd.; 15s.)

TWO ART EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON, AND TWO RECENT ACQUISITIONS IN BOSTON, U.S.A.



A PARTICULARLY FINE JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-1665): "RIVER SCENE WITH FIGURES IN BOATS" AT THE LEGER GALLERIES. THE COLOUR IS PREDOMINANTLY A SOFT GREEN. (Oil on panel: 16 by 25½ ins.)
A number of interesting paintings are among the English and Continental Old Masters on show at the Leger Galleries, 13, Old Bond Street, until January 17. Apart from the two works illustrated here, the exhibition includes an early Constable (1801), a virtuoso still-life by Koninck, a fine landscape by Wynants, portraits by Hoppner and Lawrence, another Van Goyen and a head of Christ by Francesco Francia.



ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION: "A HEAD OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI," BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577-1640). (Oil on panel: 15 by 17 ins.)



"THE PARK," BY GILBERT SPEECHLEY. THIS PAINTING IS IN THE SMALL EXHIBITION "PARKS AND STATUES" AT THE TRAFFORD GALLERY. (Oil on board: 24 by 30 ins.)



"THE GHOSTS OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE," BY CAREL WEIGHT, A.R.A. ANOTHER OF THE TWENTY-NINE PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas: 30 by 40 ins.)
The Tenth Anniversary Exhibition at the Trafford Gallery, 119, Mount Street, is devoted to a theme, "Parks and Statues." Even though some of the paintings only just squeeze into this category, the result is none the less successful for that. It is a worth-while venture.



ONE OF TWO IMPORTANT WORKS OF ART RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: "SOYEZ AMOUREUSES, VOUS SEREZ HEUREUSES," BY PAUL GAUGUIN (1848-1903). IT IS A PAINTED WOOD RELIEF.



THE SECOND ACQUISITION BY THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: "THE WEAVER," BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890). IT HAS BEEN PAINSTAKINGLY RESTORED. (Oil on canvas: 24½ by 33 ins.)
The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, has announced two important acquisitions. One is Gauguin's strong and symbolic wood relief, completed in 1889, illustrated here, and which the artist described as "the best and strangest thing I have ever done in sculpture." The second is Van Gogh's "The Weaver," painted in 1884, from which the museum have just removed a dark layer of varnish.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XIX. CRANLEIGH SCHOOL.



IN THE SURREY COUNTRYSIDE: CRANLEIGH—A VIEW OF THE FRONT FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, WITH THE CHAPEL ON THE RIGHT.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FRONT. BEHIND THE BOYS ON THE LEFT IS DEVONPORT HALL, AND IN THE CENTRE, CONNAUGHT BUILDINGS.

Cranleigh School, situated in the heart of the Surrey countryside between Guildford and Horsham, was founded in 1863 from subscriptions made by many of the inhabitants of Surrey. Although Cranleigh has never been richly endowed, it has been enabled by the generosity of Old Boys and friends of the School to expand greatly since its foundation. While Cranleigh is already well-equipped; it is hoped that a number of important additions to the

buildings will be made in the next few years and for this purpose a Centenary Appeal was launched recently. The success of this plan will mean that Cranleigh will gain seven new classrooms, which are already much needed, further studies, two more squash courts, new workshops for carpentry and metal work and a swimming-pool built to A.S.A. standards; this has already been put in hand and will be ready for use next summer.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.

SERIOUS AND NOT-SO-SERIOUS: SCENES AT CRANLEIGH.



IN ONE OF THE STUDIES AT CRANLEIGH: ENTERTAINING FRIENDS WITH A TROMBONE SOLO.



THE SCENE DURING LUNCH IN THE DINING HALL IN THE OLD BUILDINGS AT CRANLEIGH SCHOOL.



IN THE CHAPEL AT CRANLEIGH: THE SCHOOL ASSEMBLED FOR MORNING PRAYERS. THE CHAPEL WAS BUILT IN 1869.

The most recent of the additions to Cranleigh is the new Science Block, which was presented by Old Cranleighans and others as a Memorial to Old Boys killed while serving their country during the Second World War. It is devoted mainly to biology teaching, but also contains a physics laboratory and a large lecture room, and was opened by Sir William Penney in 1955. (Those who fell in the Second World War are also commemorated in the new Memorial



THE HEADMASTER, MR. H. A. MARCH, WHO WAS APPOINTED IN 1954, WITH THE SENIOR PREFECT, J. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

Hall and Gymnasium at the Junior School, which stands in its own grounds on the hill opposite the Senior School.) The Pavilion in the Jubilee Field was presented to the School as a Memorial following the First World War, and the Reading Room forms a Memorial for both the World Wars. Among the gifts which have enriched Cranleigh is the Williams Library, presented by Mr. J. W. Williams, an Old Cranleighian and member of the School Council.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



THE THINKERS: A SCENE DURING A MATHS. CLASS WHEN APPARENTLY A TRICKY PROBLEM HAD BEEN SET.



IN THE WILLIAMS LIBRARY, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE SCHOOL BY MR. J. W. WILLIAMS, AN OLD CRANLEIGHAN.



IN ONE OF THE HOUSE ROOMS: SPECTATORS WATCH WITH INTEREST AS A PLAYER MAKES A STROKE DURING A BILLIARDS COMPETITION.

The buildings of Cranleigh School, while forming a pleasantly unified whole, clearly belong to two different periods, as can be seen from the photographs on the preceding page. Dating from the nineteenth century are the Old Buildings, which are built round a quadrangle, the Chapel and the Gymnasium. The Chapel abuts upon the east side of the front of the Old Buildings, which are flanked on the west by the largest of Cranleigh's modern buildings, the Connaught Block. This was built in 1929, and its simplified lines harmonise with the older and more ornate neighbouring buildings. Beyond the Connaught Buildings is the Devonport Speech Hall, which is in a classical style and was also built between the two World Wars. During the construction of Cranleigh's new buildings, the older part of the School was entirely modernised. The Connaught Buildings, named at his request [Continued opposite.

FROM MATHEMATICS AND CHEMISTRY SCHOOL, NEAR



A PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY CLASS IN PROGRESS AT CRANLEIGH SCHOOL, WHICH IS WELL PROVIDED FOR THE TEACHING OF SCIENCE.



A SCENE OF VIGOROUS ACTIVITY IN THE GYMNASIUM, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MAJOR BAMFORD, THE DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION, CENTRE.



A MOMENT OF RELAXATION IN A HOUSE ROOM. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE "TOYES" FOR MORE SENIOR BOYS.

Photographs taken for "The Illustrated London News"

TO MUSIC AND FARMING AT CRANLEIGH GUILDFORD, SURREY.



A JUNIOR PHYSICS CLASS IN THE MAIN SCIENCE BLOCK, WHICH WAS PRESENTED BY SIR CHARLES CHADWICK HEALEY AND OPENED IN 1912.



BOYS GAINING PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE ON THE SCHOOL FARM, WHICH PROVIDES THE SCHOOL WITH FARM PRODUCE.



THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA PRACTISING IN THE SPEECH HALL. INSTRUMENTAL AND SINGING COMPETITIONS ARE HELD IN THE LENT AND SUMMER TERMS.

by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency Ltd.



IN THE ART SCHOOL: MAKING A VASE AND CARRYING OUT VARIOUS OTHER POTTERY OPERATIONS.



LEARNING HOW TO GROOM WIZEGUY, THE BULL, ANOTHER SCENE ON THE FARM AT CRANLEIGH.



MEMBERS OF THE CADET FORCE WORKING ON A CHAMP WHICH WAS DAMAGED DURING THE SUEZ OPERATION.

[Continued.] after His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, contain the dormitories and bathrooms of two Houses, all the House Rooms and the Studies. In the Old Buildings are the dormitories and bathrooms of the other Houses, the Library, Reading Room, Dining Hall and Classrooms. The Devonport Speech Hall, which is used for concerts and plays and other school functions, was presented by Hudson Ewanke, first Viscount Devonport, who was an Old Cranleighian. Two other important buildings of more modern times are the Merriam Block of classrooms, built as a memorial to Cranleigh's first Headmaster, and the main Science Block, presented by Sir Charles Chadwick Healey, which both date from the early years of this century. The Chapel was presented by Sir Henry Peek and was completed in 1869.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BLUE TITS' THOUGHTLESS BEHAVIOUR.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A YEAR ago the blue tits were on the rampage. There were many reports of these very small birds entering houses and, with undisguised impudence, tearing wallpaper, pecking at coloured patterns on curtains, attacking the coloured covers of magazines and the bindings of books, tearing newspapers and letters in porches, even attacking washing on the line, especially woollen



SEEN AT CLOSE QUARTERS, THE BEAK OF THE BLUE TIT IS NOT AS FRAIL AS IT SEEMS FROM A DISTANCE. POSSIBLY, THEREFORE, WE UNDER-ESTIMATE ITS EFFECTIVENESS WHICH IS SHOWN BY THE BIRD'S DESTRUCTIVE HABITS.

clothes that had been darned. A number of explanations were put forward to account for this outbreak, and although it is not the intention here to re-examine this episode, or the explanations offered, it is worth recalling it in order to compare it with recent events.

From time to time, in the last ten years or more, there have been reports of great tits, and sometimes blue tits, attacking the metal tops of milk bottles, tearing them open and sampling the milk. The attacks are sporadic. They continue for a while in one locality and then cease for no obvious reason, and then they break out in another locality. There have been a variety of speculations on this behaviour also.

Blue tits and great tits may represent two distinct species, but they clearly are closely related. Not only do they represent adjacent twigs on a family tree, they have other things in common. They are alike in having become first favourites among garden birds. They are both as persistent as any in coming to the bird table. And, altogether, they give us the maximum opportunities to watch their daily activities. One result of this, in my experience, is that we have opportunities to learn how very much they use their beaks for seemingly purposeless pecking. I noticed this more particularly a few weeks ago when my attention was drawn to a hammering noise in the trees in my garden. The sounds from it were reminiscent of those of a woodpecker chiselling a tree when searching for grubs. I tracked the sounds to a great tit which, day after day, visited the same trees at much the same time of day and hammered with its beak on the trunk.

So far as I could see, the bird was not searching for insects, nor doing anything other than hammering at the bark "for the fun of it." The incident

is by no means isolated. On more than one occasion I have heard a loud tapping coming from within the nesting cavity, in an old tree, excavated by a pair of great spotted woodpeckers. Thinking it might be the woodpeckers enlarging the cavity although on each occasion the breeding season was just at an end, I kept watch, only to see, in the end, a pair of blue tits finally appear at the entrance still pecking hard at the wood. Blue tits have been seen to behave in the same way with nesting-boxes, after they had used them for bringing up a brood, enlarging the opening, although it had been fully sufficient for them while feeding their nestlings.

Some time ago, we had in the garden a number of cages, each with one end covered with a zinc sheet. We noticed first that one great tit was clinging to the edge of one of these, just hammering away at the surface of the metal. Little attention was paid to this at the time, on the assumption that the bird was misguidedly trying to force an entrance into the cage, for the sake of the food inside. Then the same thing happened on a similar cage at the other end of

seemed to be no reason for this, except an impulse to peck vigorously.

There is nothing extraordinary in this story until one comes to examine the beak of the birds in question. It is true that it is not particularly weak, although it is small; and it is also true that these birds must use their beaks not only to pick up food but also to extract it. Nevertheless, hammering in these exaggerated ways is consistent neither with the birds' food-needs, nor with their requirements for nesting. And it is out of proportion to the relative size of the beak. It is an exaggerated piece of behaviour. But the stranger side to it is that it is so spasmodic.

Quite recently I have watched blue tits feeding on trees in a perfectly normal manner, searching the bark for whatever may be sheltering in its crevices. Then one of them has started to take the leaves off the twigs. These were ready to fall, in any case, but the bird was not to know that, and it went from branch to branch detaching one leaf after another with its beak, holding each for a split-second before opening its beak to let it fall to the ground. Sometimes a whole flight of tits will settle on a beech-tree and knock one after the other of the beech mast to the ground with a single blow of the beak.

It was suggested some years ago, if I remember correctly, that the habit of opening the metal tops of milk bottles was due to an innate drive to explore, coupled with an innate drive to peck open. These two drives led to the birds opening the milk-bottle tops and then, because the tits found the contents of the bottles to their liking, these innate drives resulted in the formation of a habit. The explanation may be substantially correct, except for the last part. A habit is not something that occurs sporadically, and the exaggerated pecking behaviour of tits seems to be in all respects sporadic.

These same birds are prone to peck the fruit buds to pieces in spring, not habitually but sporadically. We call it destructiveness, but that is only because something is being destroyed which we wish to preserve. If the birds pulled to pieces the buds of a plant that was a pest, we should applaud it as beneficial. Some ornithologists seek to excuse the behaviour on the ground that the birds are pecking the buds to pieces to get at the insect grubs inside, which would, they say, in any case destroy the buds sooner or later. Even if this were true, it would still not explain the other exaggerated ways in which the beak is used, for hammering tree-trunks or zinc sheeting, for picking leaves off trees, tearing wallpaper off the walls, and the rest.

It may be that this type of behaviour has already been given a convenient title, but if so, that merely means it has been given a label without getting at the root of the matter. However we label these things, it would seem more probable that the sporadic behaviour of tits comes very near to some of the meaningless things we ourselves do, such as walking along and thoughtlessly knocking off flower-heads with a stick.

This may all sound extremely trivial, and it certainly is inconclusive, but in discussing it I have been examining a series of events about which I am so often posed the question: Why do tits do this? The more important side to it, or so it seems to me, is that while we can devise rules for

the behaviour of animals as a whole, there are some features of it which are irrelevant to the function of living. It is inconsequential, the by-product of some more important neuro-muscular function, like trying to avoid stepping on the lines between paving-stones, which we rationalise by pretending to ourselves that it is unlucky to tread on them.



THE BLUE TIT, A FAMILIAR GARDEN BIRD, HAS AN EXTREMELY SMALL BEAK, BUT SEEMS AMBITIOUS TO EXPLOIT THAT BEAK TO THE FULL IN SPORADIC OUTBREAKS OF DESTRUCTIVENESS OR MEANINGLESS HAMMERING. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

the garden, and this time we began to take more careful note. At this second cage the great tit could reach the food through the wires near one end of the cage, and having fed, it would then go to the metal at the other end and hammer it. Sometimes instead of hammering the metal sheet it would carry out its performance on one wire of the cage. Look at it how we would, there



SOLD FOR THE WORLD RECORD AUCTION PRICE OF £220,000 IN THE GOLDSCHMIDT SALE: CEZANNE'S "GARÇON AU GILET ROUGE."

Painted between 1890 and 1895, this is one of four portraits by Paul Cézanne of this boy in the red waistcoat. It was the outstanding work among the seven paintings by Cézanne, Manet, Renoir and Van Gogh, from the collection of the late Jakob Goldschmidt, of New York, which were sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on October 15 for a record-breaking total of £781,000. After the sale it was strongly rumoured that this portrait and two of the Manet's had

been acquired by Mr. G. Keller, of the Carstairs Gallery of New York, on behalf of Mr. Paul Mellon, the American financier, who is a trustee of the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Two of the other "Gilet Rouge" portraits are already in American museums—the Museum of Modern Art, New York, and the Barnes Foundation, Philadelphia. The third is in the collection of the late Emil Bührle, in Zürich. (Oil on canvas: 36½ by 28½ ins.)

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby's.



"MOTHER AND CHILD": A MASTERPIECE OF 1903 BY PABLO PICASSO.

This striking composition, which was painted in 1903 when the artist was twenty-two, belongs to the style immediately preceding Picasso's famous "blue period." It is one of the twenty-nine "Masterpieces of the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists" from the Arnold Kirkeby Collection which were auctioned at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980, Madison Avenue, New York, on November 19, and contributed the top price of just over £54,000 to the sale

total of £551,800. The rhythm of the closely-knit group of the young mother and her child is carried on in the flowing landscape behind her to make a most moving composition. The theme of the mother and child has often inspired Picasso, and in the year following this painting he made the famous drawing of a mother and child which is now in the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University. (Oil on board: 39½ by 29 ins.)

Reproduced by courtesy of Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HOME LIFE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE have been studying two families in the West End theatre, and within a few arrow-flights of each other. That sounds mediæval, so I had better say at once that there is not much of the Middle Ages in these two plays: one (at the New Theatre) set in Wapping, and another (at the St. Martin's) in a stately Hampshire home. I must be careful what

the first in terms of the theatre, and that is a good basis for any play. I must confess to being a persuaded admirer of the Williams partnership. "Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat," "The Happy Man," and now "The Grass Is Greener"—the best of the trio—have all had a swift, glancing wit and a civilised ease. And they do move in the theatre. One set, a few characters, slight plots; but always dialogue like a tide in flow, ripple upon ripple, wave upon wave, dialogue as true and amusing as any now being written. We can affirm that Mr. and Mrs. Williams have their steady place in the theatre of entertainment. Their names are an invitation.

The present piece, matter for a May morning, is typical English light comedy, something in which our theatre has been traditionally rich: we have had too few good examples lately. I find "The Grass Is Greener" a glorious change from the Dolorous Drama, world-hating, deep-in-a-dump, the kind of portentous nonsense that is like fretful mooning at the bar at the end of a long evening. (Squeals of "I'll pity you if you'll pity me! How awful were your parents?") The butler at the St. Martin's (Moray Watson) sets the right note from the start. He is a frustrated novelist who explains to the Earl that, being fundamentally happy, he cannot hope to be a success. He hardly resents anything, and what in the world could be less contemporary than that? I expect that, presently, Mr. and Mrs. Williams will be told from a great height that their comedy is just frivolous, that it is their duty to spread a little gloom and to stop being subversive. I hope myself that nothing whatever will lure them from their chosen path.

We are shown simply how the Earl of Rhyall reacts to the discovery that his wife is infatuated for a moment with an American oil millionaire who has been going round the stately home. I don't say that these things happen every week or so; the point is that dramatists and players

in both candour and concealment, is an actress who can turn the trembling of an eyelash to a packed speech; and Joan Greenwood, the odd girl out, roams cheerfully through the play, nestling and snuggling in chairs, perching on them, or likely now and then to take off to the cornice. Whatever you may feel about a trifling sag in the last scene, this is a play to enjoy with all your heart: a genuine and refreshing night out.

On now, following the arrow's course, to the Wapping home Ted Willis presents at the New Theatre. "Hot Summer Night" is as serious as "The Grass Is Greener" is enjoyably frivolous. Where Mr. and Mrs. Williams are traditional in manner, Mr. Willis discusses a contemporary problem—and discusses it, it seems to me, with excellent sense and a refusal to be dogmatic. He is talking of mixed marriage, colour-prejudice, the response of an East End family to the news that the daughter wishes to marry a Jamaican "spade." Her father is a preoccupied Trade Union official, liberal-minded in theory; her mother, who has had to take second place through the years to minute-books and official business, has given all to the one daughter. When she knows that the girl is to leave her, to make a marriage against which her inbred racial fears rebel, she breaks down. A few of my colleagues have condemned the scene on this sultry summer night as melodramatic. It is, perhaps, a pity that the mother has to snatch up a breadknife; but, this aside, it should be remembered that Mr. Willis has tried here to think himself into the minds of his people. He is not standing aside in a lordly way and manipulating puppets.

Given this material, I imagine it would have been easy to put upon it a superficially subtle gloss. Fortunately, Mr. Willis is not the writer to be other than honest. He has kept faithfully to his chosen characters—something that *avant-garde* dramatists cannot understand—and he is not attempting to dogmatise about them. What they say, what they do, must be as truthful as he can make it. This lack of pretence, and the unexaggerated performances under the direction of Peter Cotes, make of "Hot Summer Night" another play to see. It can be appreciated for itself, and for the fine acting of Joan Miller as the mother (remember the background and the circumstances), John Slater as the husband, and, indeed, all involved in a piece that ought not to be undervalued because its author has refused to be pompous. (Pompousness is the current theatrical sin.) He does not solve anything; but then, wisely, he has not attempted to do so.

My third play of the week, "The Devil Peter" (Arts), appeared to me to go on so long that I expected it to be in the region of midnight when we were released at last from the trial of the Düsseldorf "Monster." But it was not much past ten. I have never known a play to drag so heavily; Pope's weary snake would have won in a canter. I am not accusing the Italian dramatist, Salvato Cappelli (his translator is Giampiero Rolandi) of being deliberately pretentious. He has obviously inquired into the state of mind of Peter Kurten, the man who terrorised Düsseldorf long ago. But his findings have about as much theatrical appeal as a page of statistics in one of the minor Blue Books, and I cannot feel that the performances helped. A single exception: the acting of Vera Fusek, as the "Monster's" wife, is likely to preserve the night in mind. Unflinchingly true in pathos, she transformed her stiff little scenes with a power that made me wish we could meet her again in a part, with a dramatist to help her, when she would be fully and splendidly at home.



KATHIE PALMER (ANDREE MELLY) OPENS THE DOOR AS HER COLOURED BOY FRIEND, SONNY LINCOLN (LLOYD RECKORD), ARRIVES AT HER HOME; IN THE BACKGROUND ARE, LEFT, JACKO (JOHN SLATER), THE OLD MAN (HAROLD SCOTT) AND NELL PALMER (JOAN MILLER): A SCENE FROM "HOT SUMMER NIGHT"—A PLAY ABOUT MIXED MARRIAGE—WHICH OPENED AT THE NEW THEATRE ON NOVEMBER 26.

I write about archery because, at a luncheon the other week, I discovered that my neighbour was among the most eminent archers in Britain. Within five minutes I was half-expecting the bowmen of Crécy to rush in from the end of the room and deliver a stinging shower of cloth-yard shafts at the neighbouring high table. (It would have been a pity: the speeches, for once, were very good.)

This, you may say, is irrelevant. It is. Let me explain that only a few hours ago I returned from "The Grass Is Greener," the St. Martin's comedy which has a singularly ingratiating charm, and is compact of the apparent irrelevances that it takes a theatrical imagination to conceive. At one moment Hugh Williams, as an agreeable Earl (period 1958), is sitting on a chair down-stage, having just been wounded in a duel (off): pistols for two. His opponent, far more worried, is standing not far away. Between them is the butler, holding the duelling pistols gingerly and looking (as he usually looks) hot and bothered. Into the room, anxiously but decoratively, rush Celia Johnson and Joan Greenwood. Whereupon Miss Greenwood, viewing the mildly melodramatic scene, observes in that voice of hers that is, as I have said, like thin, charred toast spread with new honey: "They're all wearing glasses!"

If you do not find this irrelevance funny on paper, I can assure you that in the situation it is very funny indeed. The dramatists (Hugh and Margaret Williams) have seen their comedy from



HILARY (CELIA JOHNSON), LEFT, VICTOR (HUGH WILLIAMS; TO HER LEFT), CHARLES (EDWARD UNDERDOWN) AND HATTIE (JOAN GREENWOOD) IN A SCENE FROM "THE GRASS IS GREENER," THE TRIANGLE COMEDY BY MR. AND MRS. HUGH WILLIAMS WHICH OPENED AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE ON DECEMBER 2.

persuade us that they can happen. Mr. Williams has the air of a younger Ronald Squire, with a vein of seriousness that is his own. Celia Johnson,

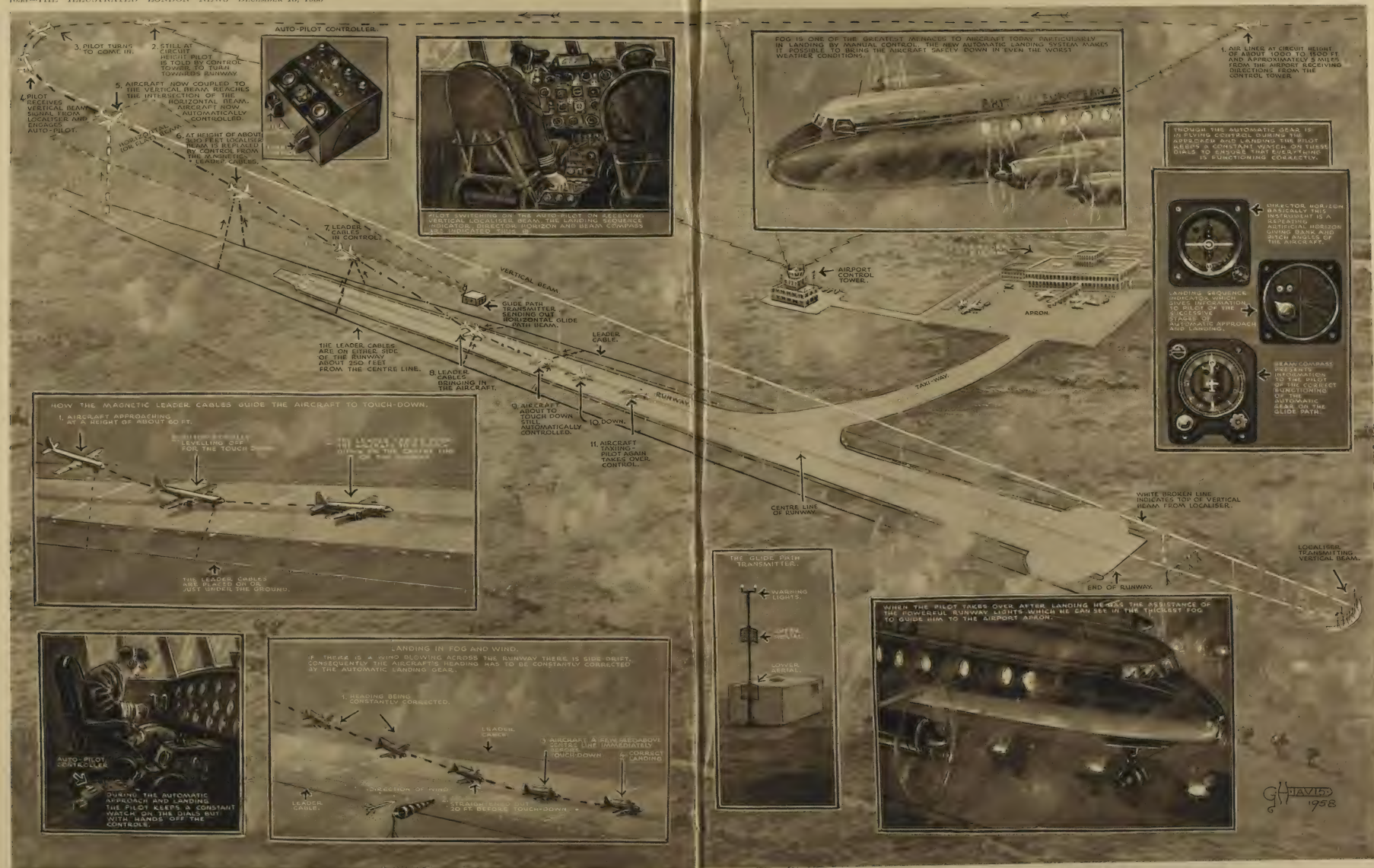
Kurten, the man who terrorised Düsseldorf long ago. But his findings have about as much theatrical appeal as a page of statistics in one of the minor Blue Books, and I cannot feel that the performances helped. A single exception: the acting of Vera Fusek, as the "Monster's" wife, is likely to preserve the night in mind. Unflinchingly true in pathos, she transformed her stiff little scenes with a power that made me wish we could meet her again in a part, with a dramatist to help her, when she would be fully and splendidly at home.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE BRIGHT ONE" (Winter Garden).—Kay Kendall and Gladys Cooper in a comedy by J. M. Fulton (Judy Campbell), directed by Rex Harrison. (December 10.)

"WEST SIDE STORY" (Her Majesty's).—The much-discussed American musical play on a modern Romeo-and-Juliet theme. (December 12.)

"SCHWANDA THE BAGPIPER" (Sadler's Wells).—Weinberger's Czech fairy-tale opera, directed by Dennis Arundell. (December 12.)



SAFE LANDING IN FOG: NEW AUTOMATIC BLIND LANDING EQUIPMENT

A valuable new aid to flying was demonstrated by the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Bedford, recently. A pilot using the Blind Landing Equipment, which enables him to land in zero visibility, is directed by the airport Traffic Control Tower to a position about five miles from the runway and told to circuit at a height of between 1000 and 1500 ft. In due course he is told to turn towards the runway and to prepare to land. The pilot lands and is then told to proceed to a position to enable the airport signal, which is now in position to receive the distinctive signal from the Vertical Signal Beam, sent out by the Localiser situated some distance beyond the end of the runway.

The signal controls the auto-pilot, which in turn controls the aircraft and directs it to the centre of the runway. The aircraft, still at circuit height, then begins to come down. It is coupled to the Vertical radio beam until it reaches the point where this is intersected by the Glide Horizontal (or Flat) Beam, radiated from special aerials. Then the aircraft automatically commences its descent. All the pilot has to do is to select his approach speed by reducing power. As the aircraft descends the control signals from the aircraft come lower. At a height of approximately 300 ft. the Localiser or Vertical Beam is replaced by signals from magnetic Lead Cables, laid down

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the

DEVELOPED BY THE ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT, BEDFORD.

on or in the ground on either side of the runway, and extending about a mile from the runway's beginning. These Leader Cables—without any help from the pilot—accurately guide the aircraft right down to touch-down. A Radio Altimeter carried in the aircraft automatically comes into operation at the near approach to touch-down and controls and reduces the rate of descent to enable a smooth landing to be made. After the aircraft is safely down the pilot again takes charge and taxis the aircraft to the arrival position near the airport buildings, as directed. If he is landing in fog, the guide lighting on the runway and taxi-way is sufficiently powerful for him to operate the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Bedford.

to see his way in even the thickest fog. Should there be a wind blowing across the runway during the landing approach, there is "drift," so that the aircraft's heading has to be constantly corrected by the automatic system all the way down the glide path. When the aircraft reaches the last 20 ft. before touch-down it is automatically "straightened out," so the aircraft can make a perfect landing dead on the centre line of the runway. During the landing operation the pilot has to watch the instruments and the runway lights. The landing technique to the automatic system is programmed into the computer. He does, however, keep a close watch on the dials before him. Check that the automatic gear is functioning correctly.

BY ROAD, AIR, WIRE, AND UNDERSEA: SOME MODERN COMMUNICATIONS.



USING A PARACHUTE AS A BRAKE ON LANDING: ONE OF THE FIRST FIVE U.S. SUPERSONIC 'VOODOO' FIGHTERS TO ARRIVE IN THIS COUNTRY, LANDING IN SUFFOLK.

The first five of the McDonnell F.101A *Voodoo* fighters with which the 81st Tactical Fighter Wing of the 3rd U.S.A.F. is being equipped in Great Britain arrived at Bentwaters, Suffolk, after flying 5500 miles from South Carolina in 10½ hours' flying time, stopping only in Morocco.



AROUND THE WORLD IN A SUBMARINE: H.M.S. AUROCHS AT GOSPORT, AFTER COMPLETING A 12,000-MILE PASSAGE FROM AUSTRALIA, VIA THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

In 1956 H.M.S. *Aurochs* left the U.K. for Sydney, by way of the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. At Sydney she joined the 4th Submarine Squadron. She has now returned to England via the Pacific, and so completed the circumnavigation of the globe.



JONAH AND THE WHALE: A WHIRLWIND HELICOPTER BEING LOADED INTO THE HOLD OF A DEVERLEY TRANSPORT AT ABINGDON FOR CARRIAGE TO CYPRUS. In response to a request from General Darling, helicopters and light reconnaissance aircraft are being sent out to Cyprus to aid the troops in anti-terrorist operations in difficult country. A squadron of *Whirlwinds* from Middle Wallop left early this month.

(Right.)
DRIVING THE FIRST PILE OF THE NEW FORTH ROAD BRIDGE AT NORTH QUEENS-FERRY: (RIGHT) MR. J. S. MACLAY, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND, OPERATING THE PUMP WITH (LEFT) SIR JOHN HOWARD, CHAIRMAN OF THE CONTRACTORS, JOHN HOWARD AND CO., LTD., WHO ARE BUILDING THE BRIDGE.

(Left.)
MR. MARPLES (LEFT) AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOK ON AS THE QUEEN SMILINGLY MAKES TELEPHONE HISTORY BY DIALLING A TRUNK CALL FROM BRISTOL TO EDINBURGH.

On December 5, while in Bristol, the Queen inaugurated the first stage of subscriber trunk dialling in this country by dialling a call to Edinburgh and speaking to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. The new system will reduce the cost of brief trunk calls.



SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



NEW CHAIRMAN OF LLOYD'S : MR. A. C. GROVER.

Mr. A. C. Grover has been elected Chairman of Lloyd's in succession to Sir Walter Barrie. This is his first term. Throughout the past year he has been Deputy Chairman. He was elected to the Committee this year, having also been a member from 1953 to 1956. He is a past Chairman of Lloyd's Underwriters' Association.



DEATH OF A SUGAR BUYER : SIR WILLIAM ROOK.

Sir William Rook died in a London hospital on Nov. 29, aged 73. He was one of the leading figures in the world sugar market, and for twenty years had been Chairman of C. Czarnikow Ltd. During the war he was Director of Sugar Supplies, and was once described by Mr. John Strachey as "the best sugar buyer in the world."



THE QUEEN MOTHER PRESENTING THE TAGORE GOLD MEDAL AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Miss Dori Furth, pupil of the year, was presented with the Tagore Gold Medal by H.M. the Queen Mother on December 4. The Queen Mother is Patron and President of the Royal College of Music.



DEATH OF AIR VICE-MARSHAL C. A. STEVENS.

Air Vice-Marshal C. A. Stevens, C.B., C.B.E., M.C., died at his home on Nov. 30, aged 60. He transferred from the Army to the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War. During the last war he held a number of important posts. His last appointment was as Senior Air Staff Officer, Home Command. He retired in 1954.



NEW AMBASSADOR TO IRAQ : SIR H. TREVELYAN.

Sir Humphrey Trevelyan, K.C.M.G., will succeed Sir Michael Wright as British Ambassador to Iraq. He was Ambassador in Egypt from 1955 until relations were broken in 1956. Last year he was given a senior political post at the United Nations, where he undertook special duties for the Secretary-General. He is 53.



(Left.)

A FAMOUS ARCTIC EXPLORER : THE LATE SIR HUBERT WILKINS. Sir Hubert Wilkins, M.C., the Polar explorer, died recently in Massachusetts, U.S.A., at the age of 70. In a submarine called, like the present nuclear-powered ship, *Nautilus*, he made the first submarine cruise of the Arctic twenty-seven years ago. He was also the first man to use aircraft for exploration in the Antarctic.

(Right.) **FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY, WHO IS APPEARING ON B.B.C. TELEVISION.**

On December 7 Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein introduced his B.B.C. television series, "Command in Battle," which is to cover six decisive battles of the last war. He traced his progress as Commander, finishing with what he called "the Cup Final," the Germans' surrender in 1945.



MR. KHRUSHCHEV AT A PRESS CONFERENCE IN MOSCOW ANSWERING QUESTIONS ABOUT RUSSIA'S PROPOSALS FOR A FREE CITY IN WEST BERLIN.

On November 27 Mr. Khrushchev held a Press Conference in the Kremlin to answer questions concerning Berlin. He referred to West Berlin as a "cancerous tumour" which should undergo a surgical operation. On the left of the picture is the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Gromyko.

(Right.)

A CELEBRATED EXPERT ON AGRICULTURE : SIR ROLAND BURKE.

Sir Roland Burke, K.C.V.O., has died, aged 86. In the course of fifty-seven years he filled every office in the Royal Agricultural Society of England, including President and Honorary Director. He was Honorary Director of the Royal Show, and for 31 years chief agent to the Duke of Devonshire.



(Left.)

AT THE SPORTSWRITERS' ASSOCIATION DINNER : MR. IAN BLACK.

Mr. Ian Black, the Scottish swimming international, has been voted "Sportsman of the Year" in the annual ballot of the Sportswriters' Association. He is seventeen years old. In the past season, Mr. Black has taken three gold medals in the European Championships and one at the Empire Games.



PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY RE-ELECTED : SIR CYRIL HINSHELWOOD.

Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, who is Dr. Lee's Professor of Chemistry, Oxford, has been re-elected president of the Royal Society. Sir Cyril was born in London in 1897. He was educated at Westminster and Balliol, and was a Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford, from 1921 to 1937. In 1950 he became chairman of the Fuel Research Board, and in the following year was elected a member of the Scientific Advisory Council, Ministry of Fuel and Power.



NEW CLERK OF PARLIAMENTS : MR. VICTOR GOODMAN.

Mr. V. M. R. Goodman, the present Clerk-Assistant, will succeed Sir Francis Lascelles as Clerk of Parliaments in the New Year. Mr. Goodman, who is fifty-nine, has served in the House of Lords for thirty-nine years. He was executive officer and co-ordinator of security forces at the Palace of Westminster when the House of Commons was destroyed in 1941. He was designated C.B. in 1951, and is a trustee of the British Museum.



DEATH OF A FAMOUS MUSICAL COMEDY STAR : JOSÉ COLLINS.

Miss José Collins, a great figure of the theatre, died on December 6, aged seventy-one. She was the daughter of a music-hall artist, and as a child appeared with Sir Harry Lauder. She spent a number of years in America with great success, and on her return in 1916 she quickly became the most famous musical comedy star in England. Her best-known performance was in "The Maid of the Mountains," which ran for 1352 performances.



NEW DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM : MR. FRANK FRANCIS.

The Queen has appointed Mr. Frank Francis to be the new Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum. He will succeed Sir Thomas Kendrick on February 1. Mr. Francis joined the museum staff in 1926, and is at present Keeper in the Department of Printed Books. He has also been engaged in a number of concerns outside the museum, and has been for some years honorary secretary of the Bibliographical Society. He is fifty-seven.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



VERY ODD FISH

By ALAN DENT.

THE new Hemingway film, "The Old Man and the Sea," is largely—indeed almost entirely—a tussle between an old unlucky fisherman and a huge marlin-fish which he has the sudden good luck to land (or almost land, since it is quite as big and almost as heavy as himself and his little boat combined). Be it noted that I write "marlin-fish" with the same notable and knowledgeable nonchalance displayed by all my colleagues on this occasion—though a strict sense of honesty obliges me to add that I have never heard of any such fish in my life before, and that my "Shorter Oxford Dictionary" itself gets no nearer to such a creature than a "marlinspike." And this, instead of being a spike to catch a "marlin" with, is merely "an iron tool, tapering to a point, used to separate the strands of rope in splicing."

However these things may be, you just have to accept the creature, for there it is in full view, speared by Old Man Spencer Tracy and leading him and his little boat (or dory) a merry dance, across scores of miles of Gulf Stream and through thousands of feet of beautifully-coloured film. It is the kind of film which seems to last much longer than it actually does. For what seems an hour we see Old Man Tracy being towed by the great fish which he has at long last spiked or speared. He hurls speeches at it in the manner of Captain Ahab apostrophising the White Whale though in a manner not nearly so grand. "Fish, I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you before the day ends!" he will say. And again, when the marlin leaps into the air in its struggle to escape, he will say:—"It's almost as though he jumped just to show how big he is!"

answering back. Then I realised that what we were hearing was the descriptive writing of Ernest Hemingway himself as recorded by Mr. Tracy. There is so much of this that the viewer-and-listener acquires the conviction that

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



SPENCER TRACY AS THE OLD MAN IN A SCENE FROM "THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA."

Of his latest choice Alan Dent writes: "Apart from the ocean itself—and some large and dramatic fish—Spencer Tracy is practically the be-all and end-all of 'The Old Man and the Sea,' the Warner film of Ernest Hemingway's much-honoured novel. We hear from the screen the author's own description of the character presented by this splendid veteran: 'Everything about him is old except his eyes, and they are young, cheerful, undefeated, and as blue as the sea.' This film, directed by John Sturges and with a screenplay by Peter Viertel, has already won several European awards. It opened its British career at the Warner on November 27."

stone—or rather, to spear two marlins with one spike, as it were.

For the very short time that Old Man Tracy is ashore and not alone on a wide, wide sea, he is tended—whether he be asleep or awake—by a winning, wide-eyed little Spanish boy (Felipe Pazos). The direction by John Sturges assists in the illusion that we are beholding a great work of art; the music by Dmitri Tiomkin is excessive in amount and distracting rather than soothing in quality; and though the sea and its denizens—especially the sharks—behave thrillingly, some of the sunsets are so improbable that they are probably the real thing! That is the worst of Nature: it is always upsetting Art.

Is there any perversity in the Universe like sheer Irish perversity? Under the feebly mawkish title, "Sally's Irish Rogue," we have just been offered a film-farce made by a new company with headquarters at Bray, in Co. Wicklow. Here is an endearing little nation with one of the richest dramatic treasures in the world, all of it waiting to be adequately filmed. It has Synge, Lady Gregory, Yeats, Sean O'Casey, Lennox Robinson—to mention only the first five Irish play-writing geniuses that come to mind. With justifiable pride it ushers in this little film with the words, "The Abbey Theatre Players of Dublin present. . ."

And lo and behold, they present us with nothing but a watered-down and indeed almost unrecognisable rendering of George Shiels's pleasant old farce, "The New Gossoon"! I have a particular affection for this, because it is the very first play I ever saw on my first trip to Dublin, and



"SALLY'S IRISH ROGUE," WHICH TELLS OF THE REACTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN, LUKE (TIM SEELY), ON INHERITING HIS LATE FATHER'S PROSPEROUS FARM: A SCENE SHOWING LUKE ABOUT TO RIDE OFF WITH SALLY (JULIE HARRIS), WATCHED BY HIS MOTHER (MAIRE KEANE) AND THE FOREMAN (EDDIE GOLDEN). (LONDON PREMIERE: RIALTO, NOVEMBER 27.)



A STRIKING FILM IN COLOUR LARGELY ABOUT "A TUSSELE BETWEEN AN OLD UNLUCKY FISHERMAN AND A HUGE MARLIN-FISH WHICH HE HAS THE SUDDEN GOOD LUCK TO LAND . . .": "THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA"—THE BOY, WINNINGLY PLAYED BY FILIPE PAZOS, WITH THE OLD FISHERMAN WHILE HE IS ASHORE.

Then for what seems another hour the marlin has succumbed and is being towed alongside the dory by Old Man Tracy who is justifiably fearful that sharks will come along and gobble his catch. He has also somewhat lost his bearings, having been at sea for something like two nights and three days (living, incidentally, on raw dolphin and water). It is now that we hear him saying such things as this:—"Fish, I am sorry that we went out too far—it has ruined us both!" Every now and again, it must be added, we hear far more apostolic utterances, in a language far larger and more literary. For a dizzy moment, during the first of these speeches, I imagined that it was the voice of the fish

there is now no need to read the novel, if he has not already done so. The fine writing demands close listening, but it does give one the comfortable feeling of being enabled to kill two birds with one

in the leading part was that gorgeous comedian, F. J. McCormick, on whom I had never before set my wondering eyes. The same part is now played by a comedian almost as gorgeous, Harry Brogan.

But he is not given anything like the same opportunities—two guest-artists, Julie Harris from New York and Tim Seely from London, are similarly under-parted—and one way and another I kept looking "past" what was restlessly going on to the authentic green hills of Wicklow which provided a consistent and comforting background. This lovely pastoral landscape seemed to me even more genuine than the Hemingway-Sturges version of the Deep Blue Sea, and the morning and evening skies over the Gulf Stream.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THREE MEN IN A BOAT" (British Lion. Generally Reissued: December 1.)
 "THE MOON IS BLUE" (United Artists. Generally Reissued: December 1.)
 "SAILOR, BEWARE!" (British Lion. Generally Reissued: December 1.)

These three popular films—the first from Jerome K. Jerome's minor classic of an Edwardian story, the other two from very prosperous stage-farces—have been sensibly reissued in good time for the Festive Season. They have, respectively, Jimmie Edwards, William Holden, and Peggy Mount in major comic parts.

FROM SUFFOLK TO MALAYA: NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



ORFORD CASTLE, NEAR ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK, WHICH IS SHORTLY TO BE TAKEN OVER BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS.

Negotiations for the Ministry of Works to take over Orford Castle, which dates from the twelfth century, were—at the time of writing—expected soon to be concluded. The Castle, the exterior of which was built by Henry II in 1165 for coastal defence, attracts numerous visitors. The property, in need of substantial repairs, is in the keeping of the Orford Town Trust.

(Right.)
A MONASTIC DUKW: THE RECENTLY ACQUIRED AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLE OF THE MONKS OF CALDY ISLAND LANDING NEAR TENBY.

In order to ferry cattle to mainland markets the Cistercian monks of Caldy Island, off the Pembrokeshire coast, have bought an ex-Army DUKW. One of the monks, Brother John, has been trained at the Army School of Amphibious Warfare in driving and maintaining the vehicle. The monastery on the island is some two miles from Tenby.



PIONEERS OVER THE LOWER TROODOS MOUNTAINS, IN CYPRUS: THREE OF THE AIRCRAFT RECENTLY SENT TO THE ISLAND TO AID MAJOR-GENERAL DARLING'S TROOPS. It was announced on December 1 that air reinforcements to aid Major-General Darling's troops in their anti-terrorist operations were being flown out to Cyprus. The reinforcements consist of helicopters and light communications aircraft.



DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO ALGERIA: GENERAL DE GAULLE, WEARING MILITARY UNIFORM, AT EDJELET, IN THE SAHARA OILFIELDS.

During his five-day visit to Algeria, which ended with his return to France on December 7, General de Gaulle spent a large proportion of the time touring the Sahara oilfields. In Algiers, where he met Generals Salan and Massu, he said that Saharan oil and gas would contribute greatly to Algeria's development.



MR. DIEFENBAKER WITH LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR A. CASSELS, LEFT, AND THE MALAYAN DEPUTY PREMIER, DATO ABDU RAZAK, RIGHT, IN KUALA LUMPUR.

On November 29, during his world tour, Mr. Diefenbaker, the Canadian Prime Minister, met Dato Abdu Razak, the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for Defence of the Malayan Federation, and Lieut.-General Sir A. Cassels, Director of Emergency Operations in Malaya, at Kuala Lumpur, the Federal Capital.

WHEN a publisher's blurb informs me that his book will be enjoyed by "children from six to ten"—but I went into all that last week! . . . Let me merely repeat that no child of mine will be encouraged to quote Mr. Peter Ustinov's immortal line: "Am I betraying my age-group?" Away with these tedious calculations! Once more, we have a good deal of ground to cover.

Pride of place should, I think, be given to the B.B.C. CHILDREN'S ANNUAL, edited by Ursula Eason (Burke; 7s. 6d.), a "lucky dip" which will disappoint no one. I browsed happily through its pages for many—too many—hours. Then we have three good collections of verse. John Hassall's wood engravings add, if anything could, extra attraction to Robert Louis Stevenson's A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES (Blackie; 8s. 6d.). THE FABER BOOK OF NURSERY VERSE, chosen by Barbara Ireson (Faber; 25s.) is packed with poetic fare to suit all moods and tastes, while for those who prefer something rather more ethereal there is THEN THERE WERE THREE, by Eleanor Farjeon, John and Isobel Morton Sale (Michael Joseph; 18s.). (Why does it so often take two, if not three, people to produce children's books? Adults, more often than not, have to put up with a single author!) These might be followed by three religious works: a fine new edition of Bible stories in THE PRECIOUS GIFT, by Theodora Wilson Wilson, with illustrations by Arthur A. Dixon (Blackie; 21s.); THE STORY OF JOSEPH, by Walter de la Mare, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone (Faber; 9s. 6d.)—the best, of course, in sheer literary merit; and BLESS THIS DAY, a book of prayer compiled for children by Elfrida Vipont, illustrated by Harold Jones (Collins; 12s. 6d.). Considering the difficulty of her task, Miss Vipont has succeeded remarkably well.

Coming, almost literally, down to earth, I go on to a collection of animal stories. These are two MR. COLLINS AND TONY books, in which these two heroes of popular broadcasts in turn go TRACKING and meet a SLEEPING MOUSE. These are, of course, by Christine Dudley and F. R. Elwell (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. each), and allow children painlessly to pursue "nature study." Walt Disney's PERRI, based on an original story by Felix Salten (Harrap; 42s.), may seem a little expensive, but the coloured illustrations are exquisite. Kenneth Walker and Geoffrey Bournemouth's THE LOG OF THE ARK (Cape; 13s. 6d.) is a welcome reprint, and so is THE WORLD OF POOH, by A. A. Milne, with decorations and new coloured illustrations by E. H. Shepard (Methuen; 21s.). I know that it is fashionable to despise the late Mr. Milne, but I somehow cannot get around to it. He certainly gave me and successive children—Nos. 1 and 2 Battalions, The O'Briens—great pleasure. A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON, by Michael Bond (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is a specially delightful fantasy, while the Rufus series is worthily reinforced with LITTLE RED FOX AND THE MAGIC MOON, by Alison Utley, with pictures by K. Wigglesworth (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.).

Before coming to the more conventional stories, I must mention one or two which struck me as

Books for Children: A Selection for your Christmas List

Reviewed by E. D. O'BRIEN.

unusual. There are first a couple of Chinese tales, PLUM-BLOSSOM AND KAI LIN, by Hedwig Weiss-Sonnenburg (University of London Press; 12s. 6d.), and THE DRAGON AND THE JADESTONE, by Elfreida Read (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). These might both help, as Miss Read writes, "the children of our Western World to feel some kind

And for those who appreciate effortless fine writing combined with simplicity, there is THE STORY OF HOLLY AND IVY, by Rumer Godden, illustrated by Adrienne Adams (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.).

The only specific book of fairytales on my list is GERMAN FAIRY TALES, translated and retold by Maurice and Pamela Michael (Muller; 12s. 6d.). It was a good plan to choose stories other than the familiar ones by the Brothers Grimm. There are four reprints—specially welcome to me and to all her other fans—of books by E. Nesbit: FIVE OF US—AND MADELINE; THE STORY OF THE TREASURE-SEEKERS; THE MAGIC CITY; and WET MAGIC (Benn; 12s. 6d. each, except for the first-named, which is priced 11s. 6d.). Then I come to a group of stories which are more fanciful than the rest: MARIANNE DREAMS, by Catherine Storr (Faber; 12s. 6d.), the adventures of a bedridden girl with a pencil; THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE, by Hertha von Gebhardt (University of London Press; 12s. 6d.), told with real insight into children's imaginations; BROGEE AND THE BLACK ENCHANTER, by my favourite modern children's writer Patricia Lynch (Burke; 19s. 6d.), which imports flying elephants into Venice; and A STREET OF LITTLE SHOPS, by Margery Williams Bianco (The World's Work [1913] Ltd.; 10s. 6d.)—do not miss the sad story of Mr. E. M. Porium. Pouk's GANG, by L. Bourliaguet (University of London Press; 12s. 6d.), has won prizes for the best children's book all over Europe. I would readily hand it another.

There are not quite so many stories about animals and children as usual, although Farley Mowat's true tales about the dog which he owned when he was a boy in the prairies of Western Canada, THE DOG WHO WOULDN'T BE (Michael Joseph; 15s.), is a very good specimen of the breed. I had read this in a Canadian magazine in a pre-digested form and find its full version even more enchanting. So, in its way, is GOLDEN APOLLO, by Phyllis Hastings (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), though I found its raptures about the mystery of birth a trifle tedious. HOBBY HORSE COTTAGE, by "Miss Read" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), will do nicely for children who will reach the real pony stage by next Christmas or so. And lastly we have four good adventure stories, "rough-and-tumbles" with no nonsense about them—and none the worse for that. RIDER'S ROCK, by Elinor Lyon (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is about a village buried in sand. A good deal of sand also makes its appearance in ROCKETS IN THE DUNES, by Lois Lamplugh (Cape; 13s. 6d.), a successful attempt by a gang of children to preserve the beach which they use for sand-yachting from being taken over by the War Office. THE ADVENTURES OF FRANKIE AND JESSIE, by Jean Simpson (Collins; 9s. 6d.), has to do with bad baronets and missing heirs, while TROUBLE AT TULLINGTON

CASTLE, by Elisabeth Beresford (Parrish; 9s. 6d.), brings in the whole gamut of Good Children, Bad Men, Secrets, Caves, and even—because it is a castle, I suppose—a modern Siege! So long as there are children who like this sort of thing, instead of wallowing in sophistication and snootery, there will be nothing much wrong with Merry England!

Some Shorter Stories.

Cats are in the ascendant:

The Fat Cat Pimpemel, by David Walker (Faber; 9s. 6d.). A very nice cat, who befriends a blackbird.

Orlando, the marmalade cat, has been going since 1938, and his creator, Miss Kathleen Hale, has deserved well of the nursery. Two "Orlandos" are available in a popular edition: **A Trip Abroad and His Silver Wedding** (Country Life; 8s. 6d. each).

The Cat in the Hat, by Dr. Seuss (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). For children who are just beginning to read.

The Christmas Mouse, by Pearl S. Buck (Methuen; 9s. 6d.). A moral little story, illustrated by Astrid Walford.

The Story of Mr. Pinks, by Charlotte Hough (Faber; 9s. 6d.). Adventures of a "silly old guinea-pig."

Catriona and the Grasshopper, by Bryan Guinness and Roland Pym (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). All the elements of a good fairy-tale.

The Cow Who Fell in the Canal, by Phyllis Krasilovsky (The World's Work; 10s. 6d.). A picture story, well illustrated by Peter Spier.

Maria, A Victorian Poodlehood, by Susan Brigden (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.). Grown-ups will appreciate these superbly clever drawings.

Tim Hooley's Haunting, by Dorothy Craigie (Parrish; 7s. 6d.). How Tim and his gang haunted the wrong cottage.

Madeline and the Bad Hat, by Ludwig Bemelmans (André Deutsch; 15s.). A charming story, with perhaps the best pictures of all—but who would not expect that?

The Green Bus, by Jon Chalon (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). Simple text, with pleasantly sophisticated illustrations.

The Unhappy Hippopotamus, by Nancy Moore (Collins; 10s. 6d.). How Harriet, the hippopotamus, retrieved her smile.

The Proud White Circus Horse, by Reiner Zimnik (Faber; 9s. 6d.). More nicely disguised morality.

Mr. Snodgrass's Holiday, by Lavinia Smiley (Faber; 9s. 6d.). Curious episode of the grateful fish.

Jamie, the Story of a Puffer, by John Denton (Benn; 5s.). A humble steamboat and a Very Important Person.

How St. Francis Tamed the Wolf, by Elizabeth and Gerald Rose (Faber; 12s. 6d.). Good—but the Wolf of Gubbio has "come out" in the illustrations better than St. Francis, who looks more than a trifle crackpot!

Paint a Black Horse, by Ernst Heimeran, illustrated by Beatrice Braun-Fock (Methuen; 9s. 6d.). A neat fantasy from West Germany.

of kinship with the children of the Far East." **PEPE MORENO AND THE ROLLER SKATES**, by Eric Allen (Faber; 9s. 6d.), might serve the same introductory purpose between the children of Britain and Spain. **THE MERMAID AND THE BOY**, by John Bowen, illustrated by Kenneth Rowell (Faber; 9s. 6d.), is told with much delicate charm.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

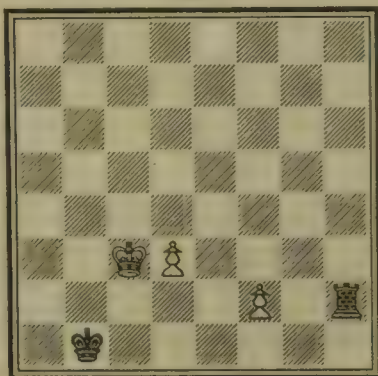
WALTER KORN, a Czech emigré into England just before the First World War, took over the rights of a famous chess book, "Modern Chess Openings," from the author (now the late) R. C. Grif-fith, shortly after hostilities ended. He then went on to the United States, from whence "M.C.O." has appeared ever since.

Korn has established for himself an extraordinarily high reputation as an analyst of the openings. I say "extra-ordinarily" because it is difficult to imagine how anybody nowadays can keep his mind keen enough for this sort of work without continually retempering it in the furnace of modern master-play.

Now he is even going into endings.

Reti long ago composed an end-game study as follows:

Black.



White.

White to play and draw.

The original solution was: 1. P-B3, R-KB7; 2. P-Q4, R×Pch; 3. K-B4, K-B7; 4. P-Q5, R-Q6; 5. K-B5. Or, 1. . . . R-R5; 2. P-Q4, R-B5; 3. K-B4, K-B7; 4. K-B5, K-Q6; 5. P-Q5, and Black has to give up his rook for Black's last pawn.

The piquant point being, of course, that the apparently more aggressive 1. P-B4 would lose: 1. . . . R-KB7; 2. P-Q4, R×P; and now 3. K-B4, K-B7; 4. K-B5, K-Q6; 5. P-Q5, K-K5; 6. P-Q6, K-K4, and the pawn is caught; or, 3. P-Q5, K-R7; 4. P-Q6, R-B3.

Kubbel, an eminent Russian composer, pointed out a sad flaw. By replying to White's first move with 1. . . . K-R7, Black can win. The point now being that, if Black can gain a rank with his king, it does not matter that he is tacking away at an angle; there is plenty of scope, as he comes up the board, to tack back again to the scene of action—e.g., 2. . . . K-R6, 3. . . . K-R5, 4. . . . K-N4, 4. . . . K-B3 in some variations. Try the play out!

Korn puts everything right again by

the simplest means: move every piece one square to the left. The play is unaffected, except in the one essential respect: the equivalent of 1. . . . K-R7 in the original diagram above becomes impossible.

A Christmas brevity from Atlanta, Georgia. White is *not* New Zealand-born "Bob" Wade. Enjoy yourselves seeing whether Black had any salvation on move eighteen. (I don't think he had.) FRENCH DEFENCE:

B. WADE, White E. BROWN, Black
1. P-Q4, P-K3; 2. P-K4, P-Q4;
3. N-QB3, N-KB3; 4. B-N5, B-K2;
5. P-K5, KN-Q2; 6. B×B, Q×B; 7. P-B4, Castles; 8. P-QR3, P-QB4; 9. N-N5, N-QB3; 10. P-B3, Q-Q1; 11. N-B3, P×P; 12. P×P, Q-N3; 13. B-Q3, K-R1;
14. P-KR4, P-QR3; 15. B×P, P×Kt.
15. . . . K×B; 16. N-N5ch would be even worse.
16. N-N5, P-N3; 17. B×P, P×B;
18. P-R5, Q×P; 19. P×P dis ch, K-N2;
20. N×Pch, K×P; 21. Q-R5 mate.
More conclusive than 21. N×Q!



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Small part of a miracle

Pink snowflakes, floating from the wind-stirred cherry tree: willow fingers wet with spring rains noisy on bright umbrellas. A landscape washed with soft and glowing colour, of new leaf and flower and bud. Spring in Japan—a time for loveliness. And for the farmer, worry. For in the awakening world, pests both below and above soil are also awakening.

In Japan, rocky and mountainous and desperately short of arable land, some 90 million people are crammed into only 142,800 square miles—of which under 20% will bear crops. Yet, despite often violent climatic conditions and a not naturally very fertile soil, Japanese farmers manage, by some of the most intensive cultivation in the world, to provide from 80 to 85% of the nation's food supply—a miracle of production calling for immense efforts of care and attention and *protection against loss*. For every ounce of food is priceless.

Among pests which attack the vegetable crops on the

terraced hillsides, the onion fly (*Hylemyia antiqua* Meig.)—which also attacks leeks and shallots—is of considerable importance, not only because of the severe damage it causes but because of its rapid breeding cycle. Eggs laid on Sunday will by Wednesday be larvæ which will feed, destructively, on the crop for three weeks before pupating. Seventeen days later a new generation of adult flies will be on the wing. To control this prolific pest, known in many countries, farmers in Japan are now employing the same sure remedies as those who crop vaster fields in other lands: aldrin and dieldrin, the powerful insecticides developed by Shell. Aldrin, either as dust or spray, broadcast before planting at 2-3 lbs. per acre (2.2-3.3 kg per hectare) or used as a row treatment during growth using $\frac{1}{2}$ -1 lb. per acre (0.6-1 kg per hectare), will give effective and lasting control. And not only of the ubiquitous onion fly, but of many other threatening pests of the soil. In any language, aldrin means destruction—to those which themselves seek to destroy.



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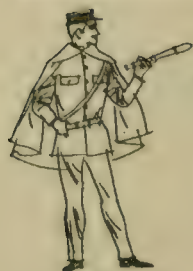


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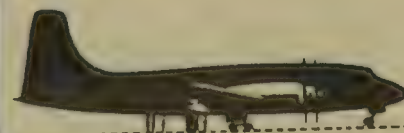
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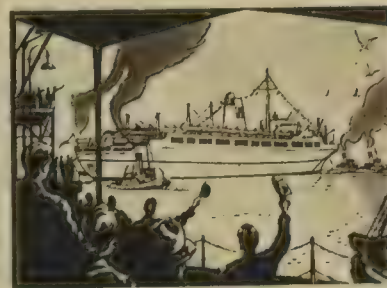


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1893 Fine Champagne	79/—	—
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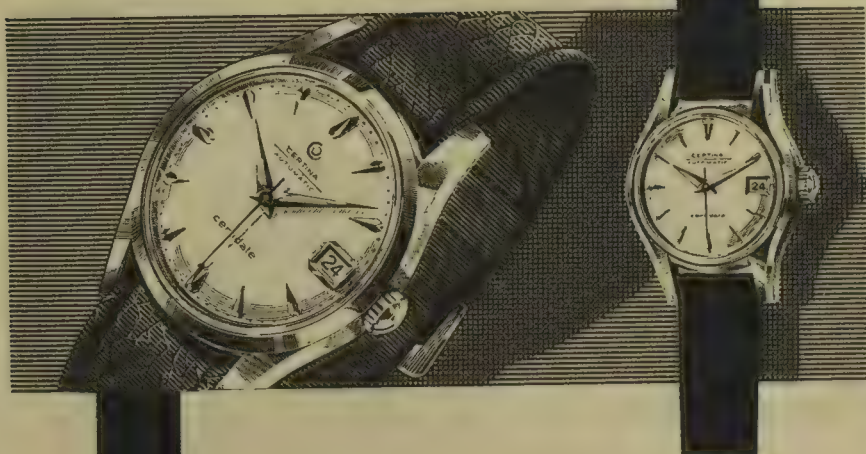
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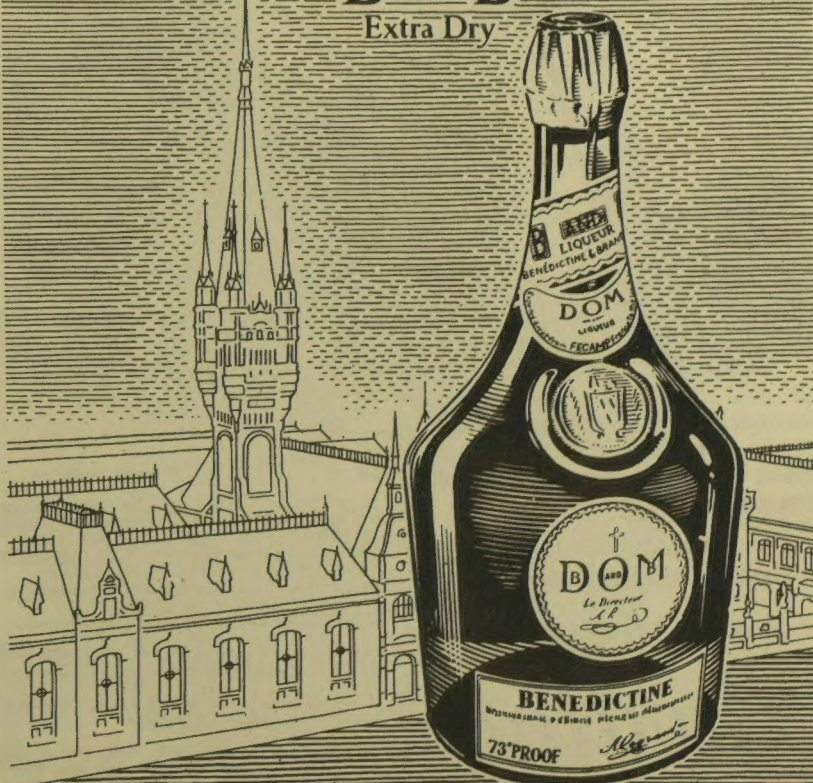
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